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How the President's Cabinet Does Business

An Inside View

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HOW THE CABINET DOES BUSINESS

By Charles Emory Smith

IT IS a curious circumstance that none of the many works on the history or organization of our Government tells how the Cabinet does business. So far as can be recalled, no such account has ever been printed even in a casual way. President Harrison, in his excellent book, "This Country of Ours," tells how the Departments are organized and defines their scope and powers; but he does not indicate how the heads of Departments when they come together as the Cabinet conduct their deliberations. There is no record or work where this information can be found.

This is all the more singular inasmuch as the Cabinet is an essential and important part of the Government. Though somewhat nebulous and hazy because it sits behind closed doors and because its authority is secondary and not original, it nevertheless has a vital function in our governmental system. It is true this function rests on unwritten law and so remains a little vague and undefined. The work of the Cabinet members as the chiefs of their respective Departments is clearly understood. There they have a distinct and well-defined power. Their duties are plainly fixed by statute. But the Cabinet is the creation of custom. It is the body of official advisers of the President, and the force of its authority may vary, dependent on the quality of its own composition and on the character of the Executive. In any event, however, it is a great factor in government, and it is remarkable that the story of its method has never been related.

The Constitution makes no mention of the Cabinet. In its strong, simple and flexible outlines it does not define the different Departments. It recognizes their existence without naming them. It provides that the President "may require the opinion in writing of the principal officer in each of the Executive Departments upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices." The only other reference is found in the clause, "but the Congress may by law vest the appointment of such inferior offices as they think proper in the President alone, in the courts of law or in the heads of Departments."

The Cabinet Meeting a Family Council

HERE is a recognition of the Executive Departments without any description. As a matter of fact there was a Secretary of State before there was a President. During the later colonial period Congress exercised the executive powers, and it undertook to carry on the communications with our foreign agents and the negotiations with foreign governments through a Committee of Correspondence. This was found cumbrous and inefficient and a Department of Foreign Affairs with a Secretary was created. In the regular roll of Secretaries of State the name of Thomas Jefferson stands first. But in reality Robert R. Livingston and John Jay were Secretaries before him during the pre-Constitution period—Jay even continuing for nearly a year without distinct appointment under Washington's Administration until Jefferson returned from France. In like manner Robert Morris was practically Secretary of the Treasury before Alexander Hamilton under the name of Superintendent of Finance. The State, Treasury, War and Law Departments were organized soon after Washington was inaugurated and their chiefs made the first Cabinet. The Post-Office Department was the next to be established, followed by the Navy, and it was not until 1849 that the Interior Department was created.

Not only is there no work which tells the forms of procedure in the Cabinet, but comparatively few people have any definite idea on the subject. Is any record kept of the proceedings? Is there any regular order of business? How are questions presented for consideration? Are votes taken on matters that are submitted for decision? Does a majority determine? In the event of differences, how is a conclusion reached? What Department questions belong to the Cabinet? How far does the judgment of the Cabinet govern the conduct of a question which comes from a particular Department? What is the exact relation of the Cabinet to the President? These questions naturally suggest themselves. How many men, even well informed on public matters, could answer all of them, unless they have had actual experience at Washington.

The proceedings of the Cabinet are not only secret but they are confidential. Of course many conclusions are by agreement given out. Sometimes the President announces them; sometimes he authorizes announcement by the head of the Department to which the subject-matter pertains. But with these exceptions the seal of confidence rests on the deliberations of the Cabinet. This does not, however, forbid a sketch of the mode of conducting business. It is only designed to protect what is intended as an absolutely free and unreserved conference between the President and his advisers, where every question may be discussed without any restriction and where the utmost liberty of expression is entirely safe. The Cabinet meeting is the family council. Its conclusions appear through the consequent results, but its talk is only for itself.

Nobody is present but the President and the members. Not even the President's Secretary attends. No record is kept. When a determination on any question is reached it develops through the action of the President or the chief of the Department concerned, and no other record is needed. The Cabinet is advisory, and the execution of the decision comes through the appropriate officer. No vote is taken in the ordinary sense of a roll-call and a division. If the question at issue be an important matter upon which there may be differences of opinion, the judgment of every member is likely to be elicited in a free discussion, and the expression indicates how the Cabinet may be divided. But in the nature of the case there can be no determination by a vote and the numerical preponderance of a majority.

For the final decision rests with the President. Even if he happen to stand alone he is a majority. The members of the Cabinet are only his executive arms. The ultimate authority and responsibility are his. The degree in which he may be influenced by his Cabinet depends somewhat upon the character of the President, and somewhat on the character of the Cabinet. Most Presidents have recognized them as advisers in the highest and broadest sense, and some rather as mere administrators. In ordinary matters the President generally defers to the judgment of his associates, but in supreme exigencies he must make the decision and accept the burden, whether they agree with him or not.

Its Deliberations Informal

WHEN Lincoln first proposed the Emancipation Proclamation the majority of his Cabinet were against it. He delayed it and when it was finally issued the majority probably acquiesced; but the act was essentially his, determined by his own judgment, and put forth with all its consequences, upon his own responsibility, regardless of their concurrence. The Cabinet of President McKinley was divided just before the Spanish war, some of the members sympathizing with the war party and some opposing it. The President's policy in that crisis was his own, guided first of all by his own strong convictions and then moulded by events which controlled him. Again, at a crucial point he had to decide whether the Philippines should be retained or not. With some division at first his Cabinet came to concur in his conclusion; but in such a transcendent issue he knew that conscience and history would hold him to his own personal responsibility, and however much he may have felt strengthened by the concurrence of his advisers he had in the last resort to rely on his own independent insight and judgment.

Most questions of executive policy are submitted to the Cabinet. It is not its province to deal with details. These are managed by the heads of the several Departments, subject to the President's direction. But larger questions of policy, whether they belong to a particular Department or not, are generally laid before the Cabinet. There is no fixed order of business. If the President has a matter of moment on which he desires the counsel of his advisers he is apt to present it at the opening of the session. Sometimes he defers it till after Department matters are disposed of. If he wishes a general expression he states the case, and leaves it to such natural discussion as may ensue among nine alert minds. If he wishes a more particular expression he asks each member to indicate his opinion.

This response usually follows the order of precedence, beginning with the Secretary of State. But the President sometimes reverses the order and begins at the other end of the table. Occasionally he springs a surprise by shooting an unexpected interrogation at an unforeseen point. After Dewey had destroyed the Spanish fleet in the harbor of Manila the question was raised whether he should remain there or whether he should be ordered to sail away. What was involved in that question will readily be seen. It was suggested one day in Cabinet, and the President rather astonished the newest member by asking him first of all what he thought about it. That is mentioned only as illustrating the free and informal way of procedure.

After the President has cleared away any matter which he may wish to present the Departments are usually taken up in their order. The Secretary of State opens his portfolio. It may offer the latest phase of the Panama Canal negotiation. It may be a new turn in the Chinese imbroglio. The Secretary states the points involved; if it is only a report, it rests there; if he wants to take the instruction of the President or submit any question for general consideration it follows that course. When the Secretary of State has finished his budget the Secretary of the Treasury opens his in the same way, and so through the Cabinet in successive order. If this happens to abridge the opportunity of those who are reached last, the President may begin the next time at the lower end of the table and so give them the first chance.

Frankness and Brevity the Keynote

THE disposition of any question rests primarily with the President and with the Secretary to whose Department it belongs. Naturally the judgment of the Secretary who is thoroughly familiar with it and who has studied it in all its aspects is largely controlling. Especially in the practical application of methods and the execution of details he is left with full freedom. But so far as the question involves a policy upon which a general determination is sought there is free discussion. This is peculiarly true of those large issues which are broadly national and political rather than departmental. Ordinarily the business is rapidly dispatched, for there is no thought or influence save that of going directly at the matter in hand, and the sessions rarely extend over two hours. But in times of emergency the session may run through an entire day and into a second day. When the issue of war or peace hung on the slightest balance, the Cabinet was convened even on Sunday.

The discussions are direct, searching and practical. They aim at the truth and the best result and at nothing else. As there is no audience there is no playing to the gallery. As there is no record, there is no consideration of anything but the immediate purpose. There are no set speeches. If the talk ever develops into what might be called a speech it is only on the rare occasions when the magnitude of the issue, the depth of conviction and the importance of the action lead into a full, earnest and impressive enforcement of individual view. Generally the discussion is of an interlocutory character. In the confidence of the Cabinet room and among men intimately associated in one common object there is the utmost frankness. Questions go back and forth that reach to the very heart of the issue and throw light on it from every point of view. The deliberations are more like those of a board of directors than like those of a legislative body.

President McKinley used to say that when the eight men who sat around his Cabinet table had threshed out a subject and reached a conclusion it was almost morally sure to be the right conclusion. One brought to its consideration the trained intellect, the ripe legal knowledge, the searching analysis and the logical powers of the lawyer. Another furnished the practical experience and the sound judgment of the business man. Still another came to it with the sympathetic understanding and the quick insight which enabled him to appreciate effects and to measure the general impression. So every member contributed his quota, and as they were all honest and loyal, sincerely seeking the right determination, no phase of the subject was likely to be overlooked. Generally after such a free interchange of views they concurred in the conclusion, and the President was justified in the confidence he felt in it.

The Executive the Last Authority

IN MOST of the deliberations the President himself bears the leading part. As the final authority and responsibility are his he must necessarily take the lead. Where MacGregor sits is the head of the table, always because he is the President and often because, independently of his position, he is the dominating personality at the board. This is true of President Roosevelt. It was certainly true of Presidents McKinley and Cleveland, to speak only of those of very recent times. The President must shape and guide the deliberations and be generally participates freely in the running discussions. His expressions often indicate his views, and it would be strange if they did not color the expressions of his advisers. Yet even the utterances of the President do not preclude respectful dissent or free discussion. Sometimes he withholds his ideas or puts his proposition only in interrogative form until he has elicited the views of his advisers. While he must impress himself upon counsel and policy his aim is to get the best judgment of the men he has called around him as the pillars of his administration.

It is to be remembered, too, that questions will not always wait for the Cabinet. The regular sessions come but twice a week. In the interval matters often arise which demand immediate determination or action. In such cases the President and the head of the Department concerned confer and agree upon the course to be followed. Their conclusion may be final or it may meet only the immediate necessities of the case pending a broader consideration. That depends on the President's will. The action of the President and the single member is, of course, as decisive as that of the Cabinet, since both are equally taken in the President's name. But where practicable the larger questions which involve Government policy as distinguished from mere administrative matters are submitted to the Cabinet, for that secures breadth of counsel and unity of action.

Under the American system the Cabinet is not in some aspects so distinct and potent a force as under the British system, while in other aspects it is more independent. Parliament, and practically the House of Commons, combines both legislative and executive authority. The British Cabinet embodies its power, and so long as it can hold a majority it is well-nigh omnipotent. But it is the power, not of one leader, but of a combination of leaders. Once in a century a Pitt or a Peel, towering over all, may be a dominating ruler; but generally the coherence of a group is the strength of the Cabinet. The President within his limits has far more power than the British Premier, for within his limits he is independent and supreme. He is not dependent on a Congressional majority or on Cabinet colleagues. For his fixed term he is complete master within his sphere. And his impress on Congress and legislation is such that even on that side he rivals the power of the British Prime Minister. The American Cabinet shares the President's independence and authority so long as it holds his confidence. The British Foreign Minister is liable to be interrogated in Parliament on any question. The American Secretary of State, under the instructions of the President, practically conducts our foreign affairs with a free hand. Though not directly known to the Constitution the Cabinet is a great factor of our system.

Increase of Department Work

IN THE administration of their respective Departments the members maintain the closest relations with the President. Matters which do not go to the Cabinet are still in large measure submitted to him for his information or his direction. The action of the head of the Department is his action, and he expects to be kept advised of whatever is of importance and outside of the ordinary routine. While possessing a large measure of freedom in his management, the Secretary for his own guidance and for complete understanding wants to have his chief fully informed. The President appoints the Assistant Secretaries and the chief Federal officers throughout the land, and though in many cases he may delegate the selection under general and well-defined principles to the head of the Department, he must know about it and give his approval. If there is a difference between a member of the Cabinet and a Senator or member of the House it is likely to be carried to him.

The great body of appointments are not brought before the Cabinet, but are considered and determined between the President and the particular member in charge. But the important appointments of a really national character are often the subject of general conference and careful discussion by the whole Cabinet. President McKinley, who had an unusually large number of such selections to make, like the Paris Peace Commission, deliberately canvassed every name with all his advisers. And it is worthy of note how little, when they are thus treated, mere political or personal considerations weigh and how the single question of fitness becomes decisive.

With the growth of the nation the work of the Departments has increased enormously and to keep up with the daily exactions is a heavy burden on the strongest man. The idea that the Cabinet position is a place of ease has long since ceased to be true. President Harrison mentions in his book that when William Pinckney was Attorney-General under Madison he continued to reside in Baltimore and that his private practice was little interrupted by his public duties. When the law was passed requiring the Attorney-General to reside at the seat of Government he resigned. Now the Attorney-General's office is a great Department, with a large force of assistants and clerks constantly employed with the multiplied questions which the advance of the Government has thrown on it.

The more distinctive business Departments have become vast and complex machines with an intricate volume of work, and no efficiency of present organization or capability of assistants can release the head from ceaseless attention to an infinitude of problems. When it is remembered that the President, in addition to the great responsibilities and direct labors which fall on him, must keep in touch with the general movements of nine Departments, the magnitude of the burden he carries can be appreciated. What is needed is a higher grade of organization, a more scientific organization, better suited to modern requirements, and at the same time a complete and effective reform of the civil service which will relieve the President and his Cabinet from the lesser but annoying cares which weigh them down, and give them more time and freedom for larger questions.

CREEPING JOHNNY AND HIS CANAL

The Deadly Fog that Kills White Invaders of the Isthmus

By WINIFRED BLACK

WHENEVER I hear people talking about the Panama Canal and what it is going to do for the United States—if the United States builds it—I think of a voyage I made to Panama once.

We left the gray city of San Francisco standing on tiptoe in the mist, to wave us good-by from her fluttering hilltops. We sailed down, down, down into the purple tropics. One night, when we had been a week out from San Francisco, we anchored in the landlocked harbor of Acapulco and heard the parrots screaming in the market-place, before the dawn came like a glory out of the glimmering East.

Another night we rocked in the cradle of the Pacific and saw the red eye of the Fuego, the Central American volcano, winking at us in the moonlight. We slouched into queer little ports where the sea rolled mountain high with a heavy, oily roll, as if it were too lazy to break into surf, and where the natives came out in leaky boats and sold us pineapples as juicy as the Indian River orange, and *cherimoyas* as cold as charity—though they grew in the steaming sunshine.

We rolled along within plain sight of the regulation geography mountains of Central America, mountains that rise out of the level plains in such sharp peaks that they look as if they had been whittled. We saw schools of flying-fish in the lavender twilight and the sailors went out in boats by daylight and caught a huge tortoise as big as two men; and we watched the great scarlet-fish swimming in the transparent purple of the water while we sat on deck and heard the Panama passengers talk about the De Lesseps Canal and what it had done for Panama.

They were strange people, the Panama passengers. There was one tall man with faded eyes who had seen the world and the folly of it, and who lived in Panama "to get away," he said. There was a little fat man, with a nervous twitch to his fingers, who was "living a contract out there," he said. There were two dark Spaniards, who smoked all day and played a kind of game with counters all night; and there was a Frenchman with a furtive glance and a deprecatory manner.

They all spoke in strange, dull, far-away voices, like the voices you hear in a dream when the fever is rising, and they did not want to talk about anything but Panama and the life there and the Canal.

The Canal seemed to dominate them like some strange, sluggish god built for them there in the heat, and the moisture, and the idleness; and all their talking—begin how they might—led back to the Canal and to the fortunes that the Canal had made, and to the men the Canal had killed.

"There are two dead men for every tie in the railroad across the Isthmus," said the tall man. He spoke in his strange, hollow, muffled voice, as if he feared some evil thing would overhear him and strike him down for speaking.

"But there were two hundred deaths for every foot of the Canal. The earth doesn't like to be disturbed down there. I would not dig a foot in my garden, not for all the money De Lesseps ever raised in France. Money is all right, but the man in the coffin doesn't have much use for it. We tried to tell them about what would happen if they kept on digging.

but the men at the head of things just laughed and blew a cloud of cigarette smoke—you know what a Frenchman is—and the workmen just kept getting drunker. They paid 'em ten dollars a day for digging there.

"The families had to have something to bury a man with. And most men who die down there want to be sent home to be buried—white men, I mean, of course. I'm a kind of a Chinaman that way myself; when my time comes they are going to ship me up to Iowa. I don't suppose it makes much difference, but the vines do grow so fast down there they'd strangle a man in his coffin before the sun had set on his funeral!"

"People are always wondering what De Lesseps and his crowd did with all the money they raised," said the fat Panama passenger with the twitching hands. "They'd know quick enough if they ever tried to dig a ditch a foot wide there. Why, the vines will fill a ditch in the night, and they clutch on to the soil with their crooked fingers till you feel as if you were dragging a snake out of the ground when you try to clear 'em out. The digging is easy enough—if you can stay alive to dig—but the keeping a thing dug, that's the trouble. And the things those Frenchmen did—well, it was a scandal. I've often wondered if the folks back there in France had any idea how their money was spent. Why, they built palaces to live in, those Frenchmen! Most of 'em didn't live to live in 'em, but they built 'em all the same. Palaces with balconies and porches, and great staircases and fine gardens down there in Panama. They couldn't find the ground to build a heavy house on, but that didn't bother 'em any. They just sent down to the shore and hauled the big machinery up—machinery for the canal work that cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, and sunk it in the mud to make a solid foundation for their fine houses. And if you said a word they laughed and said there was plenty of money in France; they'd buy new machinery when they wanted it. And they drank and caroused and died and went back to France in plain pine coffins, for all their extravagant ways. Some of 'em worked hard enough when they first came, kept sober, too, and seemed to be in earnest; but the sun got hold of them, and the dampness and the Creeping Johnny crept out of the ground where they had been digging, and then it was good-by to work."

They talked a great deal about the "Creeping Johnny"—the Panama passengers—but when we asked them what they meant by "Creeping Johnny," the Spaniards crossed themselves and would not speak, the Frenchman smiled an enigmatic smile and shook his head. "I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance," he said; "you must ask some one else." And the two Americans bade us wait until we saw him.

But none of the Panama passengers wanted the canal opened up again. "God forbid," said the Spaniards; "we know what it means to stir up the ground down there! Why should we want to die before our time?"

When the Panama passengers were out of hearing the other passengers looked at each other and smiled. Some of the California people went so far as to wink. They had heard "Far-away Country" stories before.

One morning we awoke to a suffocating, moist heat. The sea-breeze fell, and all the soggy air was heavy with the smell of decaying vegetation.

"There's Panama," said the Captain; and we peered through a white mist which crept over the purple water from the land, and saw Panama—a little collection of huts and tiled roofs crowded down into the greenest, freshest, wettest green I ever saw.

"Creeping Johnny's here to meet us," said one of the Panama passengers, looking at the crawling mist. "You want to keep out of the sun to-day."

A lighter, which, in tipsy leakiness, was like the boats the children build to sail in the bathtub, came out and took us ashore; Creeping Johnny creeping before us into the town like a white ghost of warning. When you get close enough to Panama to look under the growing green and really see it, it is charming. You see a little town that looks exactly like a picture out of a child's gayly-colored book. The very house where The Man from the Moon stopped to get his porridge on the way to his fatal trip stands close to the landing. The garden where Peter, Peter, Pumpkin-Eater shut up his wife in the pumpkin shell lies along the street to the hotel; and if Hickory Dickory Dock doesn't live in one of the queer little houses lying in the blinding heat of the Panama street it's because he doesn't know where he belongs.

The houses are built of shells—pink, green, blue, scarlet and white. The ever-present moisture in the air makes every tiny shell in every quaint wall shine as shells shine in the water, and every tiny house is roofed with great, heavy, red tiles; and in every garden gorgeous flowers and amazing vines run a mad riot of color and give out a heavy, sickening fragrance. In all the color and through all the cloying fragrance stalk the obscene buzzards, rolling their heavy heads from side to side, for fear of missing some choice bit of rotting carrion.

The hotel in Panama is quite a fine place, built in the heavy, cool, dark Spanish style. They give you great, dim, cool rooms opening on a court, and you sleep in a great, heavy mahogany bed and wash your hands in a basin of delicate Sevres.

There are screaming parrots in the courtyard, and there is a fountain there, and the pigeons roost in the shadow of the fountain and the air is heavy and moist and suffocating. So suffocating, that when I went to sleep I dreamed of the vines the Panama passenger had told about, and woke strangling and fighting for breath.

THEN IT WAS GOOD-BY TO WORK

They are used to Americans in Panama. Coffee-buyers, goods-sellers, on their way to the little coffee-states, men selling American notions, merchants coming down to look into trade, men whose business is not so easily learned, and men who lie in wait for the steamers bringing home-newspapers, and who slink away from the sight of an American face.

When a man rides out in the tropic sun at midday, when he wants melted ice for drink, when he sits out in the moonlight and watches the mist creep up from the old canal; when he falls in the market the next day, raving and calling for the doctor instead of the priest, the Panama people do not marvel at his ways. "A mad American," they say, and they pick him up, send for the undertaker, and go their ways thanking the God of the slothful that they are not as these men are.

"The French were fools," they say, "and died as fools die, but the Americans are madmen."

We saw the houses that the Frenchmen built for themselves down there in the mold and the wet heat.

The De Lesseps house stands looking hopefully toward the sea. A great, white house it is, or was, before the mold crept up the lofty walls and stained them a scrofulous yellow. Its wide porches shiver in the wind that rushes up the neck at night and the great staircase trembles to the lightest footfall.

The wide doors of highly polished wood that were fashioned in France shake on their creaking hinges now, and the green, green vines have clutched their clinging way to the proud roof itself and hang in thick festoons over the fine windows.

"Does no one live here?" I asked the man that showed the old house to us.

He crossed himself.

"No one," he said, "but him whom the Americans love to laugh at."

"Who is that?" said I. "Creeping Johnny?"

The man nodded and crossed himself again.

"Did they all die, the fine gentlemen, who came here to live in this fine house?"

"All who did not go home in time," said the man.

"Do you know what the house stands on?"

"Two hundred thousand dollars worth of machinery," he replied.

"Couldn't it be dug out and sold for old iron?"

The man smiled. "Come with me," he said; and we went with him and saw great cables, every link as big around as a big man's body, lying on the festering ground.

"Touch it," said the man. My umbrella went through the great cable links as if they had been made of molded jelly.

We saw great, dead engines lying in the fetid heat and rotting as if they were so much decayed vegetation. We saw huge boilers red with rust and so soft that you could push a hatpin into the rotten iron. We saw the superintendent's house where one superintendent after another had died within an hour or two of fever and delirium. We saw the workmen's huts, crowded together in the matted vines. Empty all of them.

"Forty died in that house," said the man who showed us. "When one died, the next man took his place. In that house twenty men died. In this one, thirty. All workmen. They kept drunk all night every night to shut out the fear, but they died just the same. It was a gay time here when the Canal was building. Every man spent every day all the money that he had. Who could tell who would spend it for him to-morrow? The living drank to the dead and the dying laughed at the living. Oh, life was very gay then! But they all died and were sent home, some to France—those were the gentlemen, you understand—and some to the States—they were the workmen—and it is very quiet in Panama now!"

We dared not stay long at the mouth of the Canal to see how the vines were choking it up. The Creeping Johnny crawled before us there and we did not want to meet him.

"An American named him so—the Creeping Johnny," said the man who showed us the Canal, "and after that when the white mist began to crawl up out of the Canal the men said, 'Here comes the Creeping Johnny. Who'll take my last message home for me?'"

The people of Panama do not want the Canal. They do not like the revenge which the earth takes when it is stirred out of its long sleep down there. Perhaps a modern system of draining, a sweeping tearing-up of the vines, a determined fight against the strange trees which spring up in a day and trail their sodden leaves on the dank shadow they make in the wet heat, would do something to make "Creeping Johnny" less powerful to kill. Perhaps the Americans would succeed where the French failed; but on the way up from Panama we sat on the deck and watched the water grow from purple to blue, and from blue to muddy gray, and we forgot the splendor of the stars and could not remember the glory of the smiling skies we had seen. The memory of the green, green vines which tore the boards out of the houses down there in Panama cast their heavy shadows between us and the sunshine. I noticed that the voices of the New Yorkers, who joined us at the islands, seemed singularly loud and piercing, and they seemed to have difficulty in understanding us.

They did not seem much interested in the Canal anyway, or in the Isthmus, or in "Creeping Johnny."

But we who had seen these things were interested.

MR. GOOKIN, OF PROVIDENCE

Who Knew George's Father and was Glad to Make a Little Investment for Him

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

Author of "Cheerful Americans," etc.

HE HAD just come from the West and it was his first visit to New York. About twenty-one years old, he was very guileless-looking, and yet he was level-headed in the main. There is no question but that he was somewhat confused by the roar and tumult of the city, and it had been hard work for him to keep out of the clutches of the cabmen who had pressed their cab service on him to a point savoring almost of rudeness; but he had finally escaped and was now on his way to Broadway, meaning to take his first look at the great city from her chief highway.

He was peering down the excavation that the subway contractors had made in Forty-second Street when a man stepped alongside of him and said:

"Isn't this Joel Hastings?"

George Baldwin turned quickly and looked at the man.

"No, my name isn't Joel Hastings; it's——" And then he hesitated and remembered certain advice given him in the smoking-car.

"I beg a thousand pardons," said the one who had addressed him and who looked like a good fellow. "May I ask you what your name is? You look so like Joel that you must be a relative. You're from——"

"I'm from the West and I haven't a cousin. Pleasant day." And George left the bunco gentleman and hastened toward Broadway.

As he moved off he said out loud—he had a habit of thinking audibly—"I wonder what would have happened if I'd said 'I'm George Baldwin, of Brodhead, Wisconsin'? I almost wish I had told him my name. I might have had an adventure——"

"Well, if this isn't young Baldwin I miss my guess!"

George, with a start, looked at the man who had spoken. Somehow his face looked familiar, but George really did not know whether he'd ever seen him before or not. He wished that he had cultivated his memory for faces.

The man who had spoken was verging on fifty and he had a most agreeable expression. There was really nothing of the bunco-steerer in his make-up. He wore his beard long, and it gave him a venerable appearance which, shorn, he could not have hoped for in twenty years—if, indeed, he desired it at all. His eyes were notably honest and his manner so hearty that, for courtesy's sake, George put out his hand to meet the other's outstretched palm and said: "I'm afraid I don't remember——"

"Don't remember me? Well, that's likely, as I don't suppose you've seen me in ten years, and you weren't over eight then."

"I was nearly eleven," said George promptly. He did not care to be taken for eighteen when he was almost old enough to vote.

"Well, you can't guess who I am, I'll bet a ginger-snap."

At the use of this homely and housewifely expression George's last suspicions vanished. This was no bunco-steerer.

"No, sir, I don't remember you at all," he said.

"Well, that's natural enough. I was out in Wisconsin in '92 and I spent Sunday at—at——"

"Brodhead?" said George, utterly forgetting the advice of his friend of the smoker.

"That's it, Brodhead, although I was going to say Sugar River. I spent a Sunday there, too; but that was with the Mileses. You don't know them, do you?"

"No, I never went to Sugar River. But you haven't told me who you are."

The elderly man had turned after the first few words and they were now walking toward Broadway. The stranger laid his hand in a fatherly way on George's shoulder and said:

"That's a fact. Well, I'm Zachary T. Gookin—from Providence originally, but I've lived in New York for thirty years or more. Now what I want to know is how's your father and mother and——"

He stopped because he saw by the expression of George's face that he was on delicate ground.

"Why, Mr. Gookin, they're both dead. I was the only son, you know. Mother died two years ago and father died this spring. I'm all alone and I've come on to New York to see what I can do."

"Is George Baldwin dead?"

"Yes, sir, father died this spring."

"Well, now, I *am* sorry to hear that. I always thought I'd take a run out West and see him again. You know—or perhaps you don't know—that we were boys together——"

"What, in Vermont?" said George, impetuously but not wisely.

"Yes, in Vermont. George Baldwin and I went to school together for four years and sat side by side. Didn't your father ever say anything about it to you?"

"Why, I knew he went to school in Middlebury and I have heard him tell something about the old swimming-hole——"

"Yes, many's the time I've watched him stay under water until I counted forty-five seconds on Jack Swift's watch. Fresh comers used to think he was drowned—no one else in the neighborhood could stay under so long. But he never told you about Zack Gookin?"

George felt very uncomfortable. He wished that he had remembered his father's very occasional reminiscences, but with the heedlessness of the average boy he had allowed them to go in at one ear and out at the other. But the old man seemed to have been so fond of his father that he did wish he could say he remembered him.

They had now reached Broadway and he looked wonderingly about. Hitherto Madison had been the biggest city he had seen.

Mr. Gookin noticed the look and said:

"Do you think you'll find something to do here? Didn't you ever hear Horace Greeley's advice, 'Go West, young man'?"

"Yes, father has quoted it," said George, "but I thought I could do better in New York."

The words New York recalled to him the advice of the man in the smoker and a sudden suspicion of the genial man by his side came into his mind. He was probably all right, but it would be better to leave him—that is, if he could do it without hurting his feelings.

So he said, "Well, good-by, sir. I'm going down the street—which *is* down?"

Mr. Gookin laughed sympathetically.

"Down is south and I'm going that way myself. You're not going to shake me as easily as that." And then, as if a new thought had struck him: "Have you any friends in the city?"

"No, sir, not a friend—excepting you."

Mr. Gookin's ruddy face wrinkled with pleasure. "Then I have as good a right to walk with you as any one. Had your dinner?"

"Long ago," said George. "I had it at Utica."

"Well, have you had your supper, then? Supper is dinner here, you know. You come with me and we'll eat together and you can tell me something more about yourself and your father."

George was now in a quandary. If Mr. Gookin was a bunco-steerer—he'd heard some remarkable tales of their doings—it was better to leave him at once and not fool with fire. But if, on the other hand, he was really a friend of his father's, it would be the height of rudeness for him to leave him; nor could he think of any good excuse for going. He had not formulated any program of procedure and he was not well enough versed in the ways of the world to get away from this pleasant appearing but (perhaps) very dangerous man. While he wondered what course to take, the kindly gentleman took hold of his arm, and together they walked down Broadway until they came to the door of an old and very good hotel, and there they entered, and a few minutes later George was under certain obligations to this man whom he never remembered to have seen before, although more than one Easterner had visited his father from time to time.

"So you haven't made up your mind what you're going to do here," said Mr. Gookin, after they had talked of various trivialities suggested by the passing show.

"No, I haven't decided."

"Got any capital?" asked Mr. Gookin casually, as he lighted an after-dinner cigar.

George's suspicions had been lulled by the dinner, the excellent claret, and by various stories that Mr. Gookin had told about his boyhood days in Vermont, and he answered promptly enough:

"I have about $1500, which I deposited in the Gotham National Bank on the advice of our pastor. He said it wouldn't be wise to carry it with me."

"Quite right. Too many bunco-steerers about. You want to beware of them. You don't look like a New Yorker, you know."

At this George looked fixedly at his companion, who returned his gaze so unreservedly that the young man's last suspicions vanished.

"Oh, *dear!* Oh, *dear!*" said Mr. Gookin with a funny assumption of perplexity and disappointment. "If it wasn't so buncoish. If it *wasn't* so buncoish."

"If what wasn't so buncoish?" asked George, his curiosity aroused.

He had begun to have something very like affection for this friend of his father's boyhood.

"Why, a chance—I wonder——" Mr. Gookin seemed to be puzzled as to how he might best express himself. "I'm—I'm in business downtown—insurance—and I don't make a fortune every month."

Mr. Gookin paused and George nodded assent. How dreamy that claret had made him feel. Certainly New York was all his fancy had painted it. He felt as if he were the hero in a play.

Mr. Gookin continued: "Now, a chance to make quite a little sum of money in a short time presented itself to me only yesterday, and for the lack of ready money I had to put it away. I believe it not too late. I think it *not* too late, yet."

"What was the chance?" asked George, helping himself to a little more claret.

"Pardon me, but unless you're used to that, it's kind of heady stuff. I want you to understand what I'm going to say. You can make a hundred dollars yourself with very little trouble."

"How?" asked George, his prudence flown to the winds and his cupidity aroused.

"Why, I happened to hear a Wall Street broker say the other day that he'd give $1500 for a certain picture he had admired at one of the exhibitions here in town. You understand?"

"Yeah," said George, nodding his head vigorously. "I understand."

"Well, I happen to know the dealer who has it—do his insurance for him—and I also happen to know that $1000 cash would buy it. See the point?"

George stared very hard at Mr. Gookin. "I'm afraid I'm kind of thick—oh, yes, I do see. You want to buy it from the dealer and sell it to the Wall Street man."

"Exactly. Now——"

Mr. Gookin paused to deposit his ashes on his saucer and George said impulsively:

"Why, Mr. Gookin, why don't you use my money?"

Mr. Gookin looked distressed. There are some people who hate to have an idea taken from off their tongues.

"George, you are too ready by far. Do you realize what you have offered? Here you are, not an hour in New York—first visit—practically total stranger dining with you, and you offer him two-thirds of the money you have in the bank. Your father would not have done it. *He* would not have done it."

George felt that he *had* been somewhat precipitate and he blushed as he said:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Gookin, but it seemed good to meet some one who knew father, and I—I wanted to help you."

"No offense at all. No offense at all. I'm glad that you feel friendly toward your father's friends, but you'll get into trouble if you allow your sentiment to get the better of your judgment. Now, as a matter of fact the very thing that you have offered with boyish enthusiasm and generosity is the very

thing that I was going to suggest—with due safeguards for your interests."

"Well, then, no harm's done," said George, recovering his equanimity.

"No, no harm's done because—no harm's done because I am Zachary T. Gookin and not a bunco-steerer. But you would have been as ready with any chance acquaintance that you might have met strolling down Broadway as you were with me. Wouldn't you?"

George thought a moment and replied:

"No, sir, I don't think I should. Why there *was* a bunco-steerer came to me before you did——"

An expression of annoyance came over Mr. Gookin's face as he said:

"You're open to such mischances because your expression is unusually guileless—unusually guileless. However, if you stick to me you'll come out all right. Where are you going to spend the night?"

George had not looked as far ahead as that, so Mr. Gookin suggested a convenient and reasonable hotel a few squares away.

"I'd put you up at my apartments but there isn't room, to tell the truth. Now, you'd better go right to your hotel and be a good boy; and suppose you meet me at the bank at ten o'clock to-morrow morning? I have some business that will bring me uptown at about that time to-morrow."

To all this George agreed; but after Mr. Gookin had seen him to the door of his hotel and had parted from him he found that it was too early for bed, so he walked the streets for an hour or two, and long before the walk was over he was a prey to suspicions. The glow of the dinner, the waves of sympathy, had vanished, and in their place his usual level-headedness asserted itself. The scheme was a bald attempt at bunco-steering. Mr. Gookin, of Providence—Mr. Gookin, of *Providence?*—why, *there* was a discrepancy. First he had said he was of Providence, and then, when he heard that George's father had come from Middlebury, he had said he was from there!

George did not know whether to leave Mr. Gookin in the lurch altogether or go to the police about it. The former method would be discourteous, the latter—well, the latter would really be perfidious. Mr. Gookin might be all right. No, he was able to take care of himself and he would see the thing through, only he would hold on to his money until he was sure that everything was aboveboard.

The next morning at 9:55 George walked up to the bank feeling somewhat like a soldier who is looking forward to his first engagement, and two minutes later Mr. Gookin, fresh and agreeable-looking, alighted from a Broadway car and came up to the young Westerner.

He laughed as he held out his hand and said "Good-morning, my boy. Your confidence does you credit. After you had left me last night you had all sorts of suspicions, didn't you? Now, didn't you?"

Again George blushed, and put some warmth into the return grip of the hand that was so warm and firm. He remembered, as he shook hands, that the mere fact that Mr. Gookin's was an honest grasp proved nothing, for who had a more cold, fishy shake than Mr. Norman, one of the best men in Brodhead? Still, now that he could look into Mr. Gookin's clear, frank eyes, he was quite willing to believe that his hand was a correct index of his heart and mind.

They entered the bank and George walked over to the little desk provided, where he made out a check for $1000, payable to himself.

But when he presented it the paying teller shook his head and said "I can't pay this. I don't know you. Got anybody to identify you?"

"Why, no!" said George, somewhat bewildered.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Gookin, stepping to the window. "Morning, Mr. Tapscott. This young man is all right."

"Will you indorse the check?" said the paying teller, evidently quite satisfied that Mr. Gookin was all right.

"Certainly;" and a few minutes later George was on his way out of the bank with the biggest amount of money he had ever had about his person. Unless the bank was in league with Mr. Gookin, everything was all right.

Together they walked over to Fifth Avenue and proceeded uptown to the art store.

"I saw the broker again this morning," said Mr. Gookin, "and I find he is willing to pay $1500 for the picture. I told him that I was in a position to act as agent in the matter and would have it delivered to his house this afternoon, and he said he would mail me a check as soon as he got home to-night. He's as good as gold, so when I get his check I'll give you mine for $1100 and your first day in New York will have been a very profitable one."

A bracing day, a prospect of immediate good luck, a kind friend in what he had expected to find a very lonely city; what wonder that George felt elated? And when he thought how, a few minutes before, he had actually doubted this kindly old man, he blushed again.

A few minutes' walk brought them to the gallery of the picture dealer. George knew nothing about art, but he was pleased with what he saw on the walls and immediately picked out the picture for which Mr. Gookin was going to give $1000. It was a battle scene half as large as his father's barn door. Large as it was, however, and it was by all odds the largest picture he had ever seen, unless he counted circus posters, $1000 did seem a monstrous price to pay for it. Still, it was the biggest thing in the room and so it must be the one.

"Good-morning, Mr. Gnoedler," said Mr. Gookin to a very French-looking man. "How's the art business?"

"Oh," said Mr. Gnoedler with a shrug of his shoulders, "there is no such thing any more. Positively, people are afraid of pictures. These big sales put up the prices so that I'm thinking of closing my shop for the summer."

ARREST THOSE MEN. THEY'RE BUNCO MEN

"Oh, not so bad as that, I hope," said Mr. Gookin. "I'm going to prove your words false by buying a picture."

"Ah ha, that is very well. Have you one in mind?"

"Yes, I spoke about it the other day: that landscape, A Winter Evening——"

"Oh, yes; step in here."

He led the way into an inner room where most of the pictures were very small and he stopped before one of the smallest—not much bigger than twelve by fourteen inches. George, quite sure that the picture dealer was mistaken, waited for Mr. Gookin to burst out laughing at the preposterous choice.

But Mr. Gookin merely said "Yes, that's the one. I believe you said it was $1000."

"One thousand, and very cheap at that."

"I dare say." Mr. Gookin motioned to George to produce the money.

But George Baldwin, of Brodhead, Wisconsin, aged twenty-one, had now come to the parting of the ways. He was not a judge of pictures, as has been said, but he knew perfectly well that a picture costing $1000 would be at least twenty-five times as large as this little square of canvas with nothing on it but some hills and snow—things he had seen time and again but had never thought a likely subject for a picture. The big one in the other room, perhaps, but this one—never. And why had they come into a little, out-of-the-way room? That in itself was suspicious.

"I guess I'll change my mind," said he as softly as he could to Mr. Gookin.

"What?" said Mr. Gookin, his ruddy face growing more ruddy.

"That picture doesn't seem worth that."

The dealer caught the remark and he said, with a light show of acerbity, "I'm afraid you are not familiar with values." And he mentioned as the name of the painter one that is well known to art lovers but which was merely a name to George.

"I'm afraid——" said George.

"Well, what?" said Mr. Gookin, somewhat sharply. But this sharpness came at the wrong time and George blurted out:

"You're a bunco-steerer, and you said you were from Providence and from Middlebury and I won't have anything more to do with you."

At this the art dealer seemed surprised, and he said, "You're very much mistaken. This is Mr. Zachary Gookin, who has done my insurance for years. Who is it that you are?"

"Never mind who I am," said George hotly. "Of course you'd swear to his lies, for you're in the game with him. I've been a chump. Another minute and I would have had knockout drops and been kicked into the street and you would have divided my money. A thousand dollars for that square of paint—and nothing but snow!"

George hurried out to the front door as he spoke, pluckily determined to call a policeman and break up this den of bunco men. He now saw the plausible Mr. Gookin for what he was, an unconscionable rogue.

By the merest chance a policeman happened to be passing, and while the two exchanged glances he came in, followed by George.

"Arrest those men. They're bunco men."

The policeman looked at Mr. Gnoedler, looked at Mr. Gookin, and then he looked at George and burst out laughing; but now George had gone too deeply into error to be able to retrace his steps and he shook his fist in the officer's face, saying, "I might have known it. You're a bogus policeman. I'll have *you* arrested."

But at this all three broke into loud laughter and George began to see that he had made a mistake. When he finally became convinced of what was no more than a fact, that he was in one of the leading picture stores of the metropolis and that, as prices went, $1000 was a very reasonable figure for the landscape, he gave the money over to Mr. Gookin, who immediately bought the picture.

And next day when, at lunch, Mr. Gookin gave him a certified check for $1100, he said: "George, this is your money and your share of the bunco spoils; and I also want to give you a little advice: Don't confide in strangers, even if they were born in Providence and moved to Middlebury early in life, for few of them will really have known your father."

Useless to Deny

IN ONE of the by-elections in the Province of Quebec, Canada, there was a bitter contest over the religious question and attempt to stir up prejudice. All sorts of stories were circulated. Finally, it was announced that the children of Premier Laurier had never been baptized.

Great use of this statement was being made, to the distress of the Liberals. Finally, one of the staunch Laurier men telegraphed to his leader: "Report in circulation that your children have never been baptized. Please telegraph denial."

He received this reply: "Sorry to say the report is correct. I have no children."

APPLE CHEEK, GROWN ROUNDER AND MORE FAIR

THE BOSS

By Alfred Henry Lewis

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CHAPTER VIII

BIG KENNEDY'S suggestion of Sing Sing for Sheeny Joe did not fit with my fancy. Not that a cropped head and a suit of stripes would have been misplaced in the instance of Sheeny Joe, but I had my reputation to consider. It would never do for a first bruiser of his day to fall back on the law for protection. Such coward courses would shake my standing beyond recovery. I should have disgraced the Tin Whistles; thereafter, in that vigorous brotherhood, my commands would have earned naught but laughter. To arrest Sheeny Joe would be to fly in the face of the Tin Whistles and their dearest ethics. When I called Big Kennedy's attention to this he laughed.

"You don't twig!" said he, recovering a partial gravity. "I'm goin' to send him over th' road for robbery."

"But he hasn't robbed anybody!"

Big Kennedy made a gesture of impatience mixed with despair.

"Here!" said he at last, "I'll give you a flash of what I'm out to do an' why I'm out to do it. I'm goin' to put Sheeny Joe away to stiffen discipline. He's sold himself, an' th' whole ward knows it. Now I'm goin' to show 'em what happens to a turncoat as a hunch to keep their coats right side out, d'ye see."

"But you spoke of a robbery!" I interjected; "Sheeny Joe has robbed no one."

"I'm gettin' to that," returned Big Kennedy with a repressive wave of his broad palm, "an' I can see, too, that you yourself have a lot to learn. Listen: if I knew of any robbery Sheeny Joe had pulled off I wouldn't have him lagged for that; no, not if he'd taken a jimmy an' cracked a dozen bins. There'd be no lesson in sendin' a duck over th' road in that. Any old woman could have a man pinched for a crime he really pulls off. To leave an impression on these blokes, you must send a party up for what he hasn't done. Then they understand."

For all Big Kennedy's explanation I still lived in the dark. I made no retort, however, either of comment or question; I considered that I had only to look on and Big Kennedy's program would elucidate itself. Big Kennedy and I were in the sanctum that opened off his barroom. He called one of his barmen.

"Bill, you know where to find The Rat?" Then, when the other nodded: "Go an' tell The Rat I want him."

"Who is 'The Rat'?" I queried. I had never heard of The Rat.

"He's a pickpocket," responded Big Kennedy, "an' as fly a dip as ever nipped a watch or copped a leather."

The Rat belonged on the west side of town, which accounted for my having failed of his acquaintance. Big Kennedy was sure his man would find him.

"For he grafts nights," said Big Kennedy, "an' at this time of day it's a cinch he's takin' a snooze. A pickpocket has to have plenty of sleep to keep his hooks from shakin'."

While we were waiting the coming of The Rat one of the barmen entered to announce a caller. He whispered a word in Big Kennedy's ear.

"Sure!" said he. "Tell him to come along."

The gentleman whom the barman had announced, and who was a clergyman, came into the room. Big Kennedy gave him a hearty handshake, while his red face radiated a welcome.

"What is it?" asked Big Kennedy pleasantly; "what can I do for you?"

The clergyman's purpose was to ask assistance for a mission which he proposed to start near the Five Points.

"Certainly," said Big Kennedy, "an' not a moment to wait!" With that he gave the clergyman a one-hundred-dollar bill.

When the clergyman, after expressing his thanks, had departed, Big Kennedy sighed and shook his head.

"I never bought a gold brick yet," he said, "that wasn't wrapped in a tract. But it's no fun to get a preacher down on you. One of 'em can throw stones enough to smash every window in Tammany Hall. Your only show with the preachers is to pass 'em out th' flowers."

The Rat was a slight, quiet individual, and looked the young physician rather than the pickpocket. His hands were slim and delicate, and he wore gloves the better to keep them in condition. His step and air were as quiet as those of a cat.

"I want a favor," said Big Kennedy, addressing The Rat, "an' I've got to go to one of th' swell-mob to get it. That's why I sent for you. It takes some one finer than a bricklayer to do th' work."

The Rat was uneasily questioning my presence with his eye. Big Kennedy paused to reassure him.

"He's th' straight goods," said Big Kennedy, indicating me, and speaking in a tone wherein were mingled resentment and reproach. "You don't s'ppose I'd steer you ag'inst a brace?"

The Rat said never a word, but his glance left me and he gave entire heed to Big Kennedy.

"This is th' proposition," resumed Big Kennedy. "You know Sheeny Joe. Shadow him; swing an' rattle with him no matter where he goes. The moment you see a chance, get a pocketbook an' put it away in his clothes. When th' roar goes up, tell th' loser where to look. Do you ketch on? Sheeny Joe must get th' collar, an' I want him caught with th' goods, d'ye see."

"I don't have to go to court ag'inst him?" said The Rat interrogatively.

"No," retorted Big Kennedy a bit explosively. "You'd look about as well in th' witness-box as I would in a pulpit. No, you shift th' leather. Then give th' party who's been touched th' office to go after Sheeny Joe. After that you can screw out; that's as far as you go."

It was the next evening at the ferry. A cry went up. "Thief! Thief! My pocketbook is gone!"

The shouts found source in a broad man. He was topheavy with too much beer but clear enough to realize that his money had disappeared. The Rat, sly, small, clean, inconspicuous, was at his elbow.

"There's your man!" whispered The Rat, pointing to Sheeny Joe, whose footsteps The Rat had been dogging all day; "there's your man!"

In a moment the broad man had thrown himself upon Sheeny Joe.

"Call the police!" he yelled. "He's got my pocketbook!"

The officer pulled him off Sheeny Joe, whom he had thrown to the ground and now clung to with the desperation of one robbed.

"Give me a look in!" said the officer, thrusting the broad man aside. "If he's got your pocketbook we'll find it."

Sheeny Joe was breathless with the surprise and fury of the broad man's descent upon him. The officer ran his hand over the outside of Sheeny Joe's coat, holding him meanwhile fast by the collar. Then he slipped his hand inside and drew forth a chubby pocketbook.

"That's it!" cried the man; "that's my wallet with over six hundred dollars in it. He stole it."

"It's a plant!" gasped Sheeny Joe, his face like ashes. Then, to the crowd: "Will somebody go fetch Big John Kennedy? He knows me; he'll say I'm square!"

Big Kennedy arrived at the station as the officer, whose journey was slow because of the throng, came in with Sheeny Joe. Big Kennedy heard the stories of the officer and the broad man with all imaginable patience. Then a deep frown began to pucker his brow. He waved Sheeny Joe aside with a gesture that told of virtuous indignation.

"Lock him up!" cried Big Kennedy. "If he'd got off an' slugged somebody, even if he'd croaked him, I'd have stuck to him till th' pen'tentiary doors pinched my fingers. But I've no use for a crook. Sing Sing's th' place for him!

"Are you goin' back on me?" wailed Sheeny Joe.

"Put him inside!" said Big Kennedy to the officer in charge of the station. Then to Sheeny Joe, with the flicker of a leer: "Why don't you send to The Tub of Blood?"

"Shall I take bail for him, Mr. Kennedy, if any shows up?" asked the officer in charge.

"No, no bail!" replied Big Kennedy. "If any one offers, tell him I don't want it done."

It was three weeks later when Sheeny Joe was found guilty and sentenced to prison for four years. The broad man, the police officer, and others who at the time of his arrest were looking on, came forward as witnesses against Sheeny Joe, and twelve honest dullards who called themselves a jury, despite his protestations that he was "being jobbed," instantly found him guilty. Sheeny Joe, following his sentence, was dragged from the courtroom, crying and cursing the judge, the jury, the witnesses, but most of all Big Kennedy.

Nor do I think Big Kennedy's agency in drawing down this fate upon Sheeny Joe was misunderstood by ones with whom it was meant to pass for warning. I argue this from what was overheard by me as we left the courtroom where Sheeny Joe was sentenced. The two in conversation were walking a pace in advance of me.

"He got four spaces!" said one in an awed whisper.

"He's dead lucky not to go for life!" exclaimed the other. "How much of th' double-cross do you guess now Big Kennedy will stand? I've seen a bloke get a slab in th' morgue for less. It was Benny the Bite; he gets a knife between his slats."

"What's it all about, Jawn?" asked Old Mike, who sat in private review of the case of Sheeny Joe. "Why are ye puttin' a four-year smother on that la-ad?"

"It's gettin' so," said Big Kennedy in explanation, "that these people of ours are beginnin' to look on politics as a kind of Virginny Reel. It's first dance on one side an' then cross to th' other. There's a bundle of money ag'inst us big enough to trip a dog, an' disciplin' was givin' way. Our men could smell burnin' money an' it made 'em crazy. Somethin' had to come off to sober 'em an' teach 'em discipline an' make 'em sing 'Home, Sweet Home'!"

"I SHALL TEAR YOU IN TWO IN THE MIDDLE AN' LEAVE YOU ON BOTH SIDES OF THE STREET!"

"It's all right, then!" declared Old Mike decisively. "The great thing is to kape up th' organization! Better twinty like that Sheeny Joe should learn th' lock-step than weaken the organization. Besides, I'm not like th' law. I belave in jailin' folks not so much for what they do as for what they are. An' this la-ad was a har-rd c'rackther."

The day Sheeny Joe went to his prison was election day. Tammany Hall took possession of the town; and for myself, I was made an alderman by a majority that counted into the thousands.

CHAPTER IX

BEFORE I abandon to the keeping of Time past the late election and its history there is an episode, or, if you will, an accident, which should find relation. Of itself it would have come and gone and been of slight importance save for an incident to make one of its elements, which in a later pinch to come of politics brought me within the shadow of a gibbet.

Busy with my vote-getting, I had gone to the docks to confer with the head of a certain gang of stevedores. These latter were hustling up and down the gangplanks, taking the cargo out of a West India coffee boat. The one I had come seeking was aboard the vessel.

As I pushed toward the after gangplank, and just as I reached it, I stepped aside to avoid one coming ashore with a great sack of coffee on his shoulders. Not having my eyes about me, I caught my toe in a ringbolt and stumbled with a mighty bump against a sailor who was standing on the stringpiece of the wharf. With nothing to save him, and a six-foot space opening between the wharf and the ship, the man fell into the river with a cry and a splash. He went to the bottom like so much pig-iron, for it seemed that he could not swim.

It was the work of a moment to throw off my coat and go after him. I was as much at home in the water as a spaniel, and there would be nothing more dangerous than a ducking in the experiment. I dived and came up with the drowning man in my grip. For all his peril he took it coolly enough, and beyond spluttering and puffing and cracking off a jargon of oaths, added no difficulties to the task of saving his life. We gained prompt help from the dock, and it wasn't five minutes before we found the safe planks beneath our feet again.

The man who had so unexpectedly gone overboard was a keen, small, dark creature of a Sicilian, and to be noticed for his black eyes, a red handkerchief over his head, and ears looped with golden earrings.

"No harm done, I think?" said I, when we were both ashore again.

"I lose-a my knife," said he with a grin, the water dripping from his hair. He was pointing to the empty scabbard at his belt where he had carried a sheathknife.

"It was my blunder," said I, "and if you'll hunt me up at Big Kennedy's this evening I'll have another for you."

That afternoon, at a pawnshop in the Bowery, I bought a strange-looking weapon that was more like a single-edged dagger than anything else. It had a buckhorn haft, and was heavy and long, with a blade of full nine inches.

My Sicilian came as I had told him, and I gave him the knife. He was extravagant in his gratitude.

"You owe me nothing!" he cried. "It is I who owe for my life that you save. But I shall take-a the knife to remember how you pull me out. You good-a man; some day I pull you out—mebby so! who knows?"

With that he was off for the docks again, leaving me neither to hear nor to think of him thereafter for a stirring handful of years.

It occurred to me as strange, even in a day when I gave less space to thought than I do now, that my first impulse as an alderman should be one of revenge. There was that police captain who, as I learned from other lips, in the long ago offered insult to Anne when she came, girl-like, to beg for my liberty.

The memory of one of his evil gibes had never ceased to burn me with the hot anger of a coal of fire, and now I resolved upon his destruction. When I told Big Kennedy, he turned the idea on his wheel of thought for full two minutes.

"It's your right," said he at last. "You've got the ax; you're entitled to his head. But say! pick him up on proper charges; get him dead to rights! That ain't hard, d'ye see, for he's as crooked as a dog's hind leg. To throw him for some trick he's turned will show these reform guys that we're on th' level."

The enterprise offered no complexities. A man paid that captain money to save from suppression a resort of flagrant illegality. The bribery was laid bare; he was overtaken in this plain corruption; and, next, my combinations being perfect, I broke him as I might break a stick across my knee. He came to me in private the following day.

"What have I done?" said he. "Can I square it?"

"Never!" I retorted; "there's some things one can't square." Then I told him of Anne and of the insults that he heaped upon her at the time of my arrest.

"That's enough," he replied, tossing his hand resignedly; "I can take my medicine when it's come my turn."

For all that captain's stoicism, despair rang in his tones, and as he left me the look in his eye was one to warm the cockles of my heart and feed my soul with comfort.

"THERE'S YOUR MAN!" WHISPERED THE RAT, POINTING TO SHEENY JOE

"Speakin' for myself," said Big Kennedy, in the course of some later comment, "I don't go much on revenge. Still, when it costs nothin' you might as well take it in. Besides, it shows there's a dead-line in th' game. The wise ones will figger that this captain held out on us, or handed us th' worst of it on th' quiet. The example of him gettin' done up will make others run true."

Several years slipped by wherein as alderman I took my part in the town's affairs. I was never a talking member and gained no glory for my eloquence. But what I lacked of rhetoric I made up in stubborn loyalty to Tammany, and never failed to dispose of my vote according to its mandates.

It was not alone my right but my duty to do this. I had gone to the polls the avowed candidate of the machine. There came none to vote for me who did not know that my public courses would be shaped and guided by the organization. I was free to assume, therefore, being thus elected as a Tammany member by folk informed to a last expression of all the phrase implied, that I was bound to carry out the Tammany programs and execute the Tammany orders. Where a machine and its laws are known, the people, when they lift to office one proposed of that machine, thereby instruct such officer to submit himself to its direction.

There will be ones to deny this. And these gentry of denials will be plausible and furnish the thought of a tolerant purity for their assumptions. They should not, however, be too sure of their theories. They themselves may be the ones in error. They should reflect that wherever there dwells a Yea there lives also a Nay. These contradictionists should emulate my own forbearance. I no more claim to be wholly right for my attitude of obedience to the machine than I concede as wholly right their own position of denunciation. There is no man so bad he may not be defended, there lives none so good he does not need defense; and what I say of a man might with equal justice be said of any dogma of politics. As I set forth in my preface, the true and the false, the black and the white in politics will rest ever with the point of view.

During my years as an alderman I might have made myself a wealthy man. And that I did not do so was not because I had no profit of the place. As the partner, unnamed, in sundry city contracts, riches came often within my clutch. But I could not keep them; I was born with both hands open and had the hold of money that a riddle has of water.

This want of a money wit is a defect of my nature. A great merchant once said to me late in my life:

"Commerce—money-getting—is like a sea, and every man, in large or little sort, is a mariner. Some are buccaneers, while others are sober merchantmen. One lives by taking prizes, the other by the proper gains of trade. You belong to the buccaneers by your birth. You are not a business man, but a business wolf. Being a wolf, you will waste and never save. Your instinct is to pull down each day's beef each day. You should never buy nor sell, nor seek to make money with money. Your knowledge of money is too narrow. Up to fifty dollars you are wise. Beyond that point you are the greatest dunce I ever met."

Thus lectured the man of markets, measuring-sticks and scales; and while I do not think him altogether exact, there has been much in my story to bear out what he said.

It was not that I wasted my money in riot or vicious courses. My morals were good and I had no vices. This was not so much to my credit as my good luck, since my morals were instinctive, like the morals of an animal. My one passion was for politics and my one ambition the ambition to lead men. Nor was I so eager to hold office; my hope went rather to a day when I should rule Tammany as its chief. My genius was not for the showring; I cared nothing for a gilded place. The dream of my heart's wish was to be the power behind the screen, and put men up and take men down, place them and move them about, and play at government as one might play at chess. Still, while I dreamed of an unbridled day to come, I was for that the more sedulous to execute the orders of Big Kennedy. I had not then to learn that the art of command is best studied in the art of obedience.

To be entirely frank, I should name the one weakness that beset me, and which, more than any spendthrift tendency, lost me my fortune as fast as it flowed in. I came never to be a gambler in the card or gaming-table sense, but I was inveterate to wager money on a horse. While money lasted I would bet on the issue of every race that was run, and I was made frequently bankrupt thereby. However, I have said enough of my want of capacity to hoard. I was young and careless; moreover, with my place as alderman and that sovereignty I still held over the Red Jackets, when my hand was empty I had but to stretch it forth to have it filled.

I've told how, in my boyhood, I went garbed in rags and patches. Now, when money came to fill my pockets, I sought the first tailor of the town. I went to him drawn by his high prices, for I argued, and I think sagaciously, that where one pays the most one gets the best.

Nor, when I found that tailor, did I seek to direct him in his labors. I put myself in his hands, and was guided to quiet blacks and grays, and at his hint gave up thoughts of those plaids and glaring checks to which my tastes went hungering.

That tailor dressed me like a gentleman and did me a deal of good. I am not one to say that raiment makes the man, and yet I hold that it has much to do with the man's behavior. I can say in my own case that when I was thus garbed like a gentleman my conduct was at once controlled in favor of the moderate. I was instantly ironed of those rougher wrinkles of my nature, which last, while neither noisy nor gratuitously violent, was never one of peace.

The important thing was that these clothes of decent gentility gave me multiplied vogue with men who were peculiarly my personal followers. They gave me emphasis with my Red Jackets, who still bore me aloft as their leader and whose favor I must not let fall. The Tin Whistles, too, drew an awe from this rich yet civil uniform which strengthened my authority in that vigorous quarter. I had grown, as an alderman and that one next in ward power to Big Kennedy, to a place which exempted me from those ruder labors of fist and bludgeon in which, whenever the exigencies of a campaign demanded, the Tin Whistles were still employed. But I claimed my old mastery over them; I would

not permit so hardy a force to go to another's hands; and, while I no longer led their war parties, I was always in the background, giving them direction and checking them when they went too far.

It was demanded of my safety that I retain my grip on both the Tin Whistles and the Red Jackets. However eminent I might be, I was by no means out of the ruck, and my situation was to be sustained only by the strong hand. The Tin Whistles and the Red Jackets were the sources of my importance, and if my voice were heeded or my word owned weight, it was because they were ever ready to my call like dogs. Wherefore I cultivated their favor, secured my place among them, while at the same time I forced them to obey, to the end that they as well as I be preserved.

Those clothes of a gentleman not only augmented but proved my strength. In that time a fine coat was an offense to men more cheaply clothed. A well-dressed stranger could not have walked three blocks on the East Side without being driven to do battle for his life. Fine linen was esteemed a challenge, and that I should be so arrayed and go unscathed proved not alone my popularity but my stern repute. Secretly, it pleased my shoulder-hitters to see their captain so garbed; and since I could defend my feathers, they turned to be another reason of leadership. I was growing adept of men, and I counted on this effect when I spent my money with that tailor.

While I thus lay aside for the moment the running history of events that were as the stepping-stones by which I crossed from obscurity and poverty to power and wealth, to have a glance at myself in my more personal attitude I should also relate my marriage and how I took a wife. It was Anne who had charge of the business and brought me this soft victory. Had it not been for Anne I more than half believe I should have had no wife at all; for I was eaten of an uneasy, awkward wordlessness whenever my fate delivered me into the presence of a girl. However earnestly Anne might counsel, I came and went with no more of parlor wisdom than a savage. In the end, Anne, while sighing over my crudities and the hopeless thickness of my wits, established herself as a bearward to supervise my conduct. She picked out my wife for me, and in days when I should have been a lover, but was a graven image and as stolid, carried forward my courting in my stead.

It was none other than Apple Cheek upon whom Anne pitched—Apple Cheek, grown rounder and more fair, with locks like corn-silk and eyes of even a deeper blue than on that day of the docks so many years before. Anne had struck up a friendship for Apple Cheek from the beginning, and the two were much in one another's company. And so one day, by ways and means I was too much confused to understand, Anne had us before the priest. We were made husband and wife, Apple Cheek brave and sweet, I looking like a fool in need of keepers.

Anne, the architect of this bliss, was in tears; and yet she must have kept her head, for I remember how she recalled me to the proprieties of my new station.

"Why don't you kiss your bride!" cried Anne at the heel of the ceremony.

Anne snapped out the words, and they rang in my delinquent ears like a storm bell. Apple Cheek, eyes wet to be a match for Anne's, put up her lips with all the courage in the world. I kissed her, much as one might salute a hot flatiron. Still, I kissed her, and I think to the satisfaction of a churchful looking on; but I knew what men condemned have felt on that journey to block and ax.

Apple Cheek and her choice of me made up the sweetest fortune of my life; and even now, when I think of her, it is as if I stood in a flood of sunshine. So far as I was able, I housed her and robed her as though she were the daughter of a king, and while I have met treason in others and desertion where I looked for loyalty, I held her, heart-fast, love-fast, faith-fast, ever my own. She was my treasure, and when she died it was as though my own end had come.

Big Kennedy and the then chief of Tammany, during my earlier years as alderman, were as Jonathan and David. They were ever together, and their plans and their interests ran side by side. At last, however, they began to fall apart. Big Kennedy saw a peril in this too close partnership and was for putting distance between them. It was Old Mike who thus counseled him. The aged one became alarmed by the raw and insolent extravagance of the chief's methods.

"Th' public," said Old Mike, "is a sheep while ye do no more than just rob it. But if ye insult it, it's a wolf. Now this man insults th' people. Better cut loose from him, Jawn; he'll get ye all tor-rn to pieces."

The split came when, by suggestion of Old Mike and Big Kennedy, I refused to give my vote as alderman to a traction company asking a franchise. There were millions of dollars in the balance, and without my vote the machine and the traction company were powerless. The stress was such that the mighty chief himself came down to Big Kennedy's saloon—a sight to make men stare!

The two for a full hour were locked in Big Kennedy's sanctum. When they appeared I could read in the black anger that rode on the brow of the chief how Big Kennedy had declined his orders and stood ready to abide the worst. Big Kennedy, for his side, wore an air of confident serenity, and as I looked at the pair and compared them, one black, the other beaming, I was surprised into the conviction that Big Kennedy was of the two the superior natural force. As the chief reached the curb he said:

"You know the meaning of this. I shall tear you in two in the middle an' leave you on both sides of the street!"

"If you do I'll never squeal," returned Big Kennedy carelessly. "But you can't; I've got you counted. I can hold the ward ag'inst all you'll send. An' you look out for yourself! I'll throw a switch on you yet that'll send you to th' scrap-heap."

"I s'ppose you think you know what you're doin'," said the other angrily.

"You can put a bet on it that I do," retorted Big Kennedy.

That evening, as we sat silent and thoughtful, Big Kennedy broke suddenly forth with a word.

"I've got it! You're on speakin' terms with that old duffer, Morton, who's forever talkin' about bein' a taxpayer. He likes you since you laid out Jimmy the Blacksmith that time. See him, an' fill him up with th' news that he ought to go to Congress. It won't be hard; he's sure he ought to go somewhere, an' Congress will fit him to a finish. In two days he'll think he's on his way to be a second Webster. Tell him if his people will put him up we'll join dogs with 'em an' pull down the place for him. You can say that we can't stand th' dishonesty an' corruption at th' head of Tammany Hall an' are goin' to make a bolt for better government. We'll send th' old sport to Congress this fall. He'll give us a bundle big enough to fight the machine with an' plank dollar for dollar with it. An' it'll put us in line for a hook-up with th' reform bunch in th' fight for th' town next year. It's th' play to make; we're goin' to see stormy weather an' it's our turn to make for cover! We'll put up this old party, Morton, for this district in th' next election an' give th' machine a jolt. Th' chief'll leave me on both sides of th' street, will he? I'll make him think, before he's through, that he's run ag'inst th' pole of a dray."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE PEASANT POPE

A Day in the Village Where He Lived Before Fame Found Him Out

By VANCE THOMPSON

IN VENICE the bells were ringing over the city and the lagoons, and the noise of them went far out to sea. The good Patriarch, the brave old man whom every Venetian loved and most of them knew, had been chosen Pope. My gondolier told me the news and crossed himself.

"He has spoken to me often and many a time I've had his blessing," said Giuseppe; "he is one of us—one of the people."

No Venetian said any word less kindly. Cardinal Sarto had earned the love of Venice. Stories of his generous charity were told and retold by the boatmen at the *traghetti* and the idlers on the sunny quays. He lived very simply on a sixth of his small income, giving away the rest. For himself and the three of his sisters who lived with him, humble girls, he reserved only four hundred dollars. In order to go up to Rome to the conclave he had been obliged to pawn his ring of Cardinal, so they said.

His sisters were at Capo della Chiesa when the news of his election came to Venice, a little after midday. One of them was called up on the telephone by a priest commissioned to tell the news.

"Pronta! Who's there?" he asked.

"The Patriarch's sister," she replied.

"Oh, no you are not," said the priest, breaking the news gently; "you are the Pope's sister."

"Oh, Gesu, Maria!" cried the poor spinster, "I shall never see him again!"

And that is quite true; the three lonely women have gone into a sisterhood; the Pope, cloistered in the Vatican, will see them no more—them nor the Venetian city of onyx and alabaster, nor the blue sea nor the fields of Treviso.

My gondolier knew one of the Pope's nephews, Giovanni, a wine-dealer in the Via Garibaldi. (By the way, every Venetian child is christened either John or Mary, those names being potent against witches, of which there are only too many in this part of the world.) So we went to the wine-shop of Giovanni Sarto, but the good man was away to Mantua, visiting the Pope's brother. This adventure coming to naught, I set out for Riese, where Pio Decimo was born and where for generation after generation his family has lived, a thrifty, praiseworthy peasantry. This little town in the Trevisan marches is five miles from the nearest railway station. It is on the highway which goes from Castelfranco to Asolo.

The drive from Castelfranco is delightful, over a broad, level road, shaded with plantain trees, running through green fields or brown, shot with red poppies, past an occasional farm, the tiled buildings clustered behind white walls. The little horses trotted smartly on, their bells a-jangle; the driver, a brown old man, smoked in silence.

We had not any tolerable method of communication, for he spoke a vile patois and my Italian (vile, too) is Florentine. Once he pointed to a walled field.

"That was his father's field," said he. "There he worked, his father. And now the son is Pope. That makes a man think, Signor; it makes him think of religion."

The carrier's logic was perhaps a trifle cloudy, but it ended in the right direction.

Ahead of us the campanile of Riese rose—all red in the sunlight—from the green of field and tree; the chiming of the parish bells came to us. Then we saw the little village, a simple, Old World place, brooding on the plain that stretches away to the distant hill of Asolo, far

dalle cose del mondo tristo e rio

There was a crowd in the piazza in front of the parish church of San Matteo, all laboring folk, farmers of one sort or another, with the exception of a good-humored old man in black, Andreazzo, the syndic of the village, and a friendly confrère from Verona. A number of peasants followed me into the church. One of them pointed out a large half-length portrait of Cardinal Sarto.

"*Legete!*" said he.

And I read: "To Joseph Sarto, son of this canton: 1903: he has honored his native place: this is his portrait."

A simple parish church, neither old nor new—like a thousand others; farther up the one street is the Oratorio delle Cendrolle, for which the Pope had a special veneration and which, out of his own purse, he restored. Neither of them claims artistic notice, for strangely enough this little village lacks almost entirely the grace of things Italian. As I came out the syndic gave me (for the second time) the talk of the day. He explained with beaming face and many gestures how the good news had been brought to Riese; dark with importance, the reporter of the Adige, of Verona, took notes. A breathless boy on a bicycle had come from Castelfranco. At first no one believed the breathless boy. They told him that such jests were not permissible. Then the syndic's telephone brought confirmation from the prefect. The syndic issued a proclamation. I have a copy of it, freshly written by the hand of one of Signor Andreazzo's numerous sons. It begins: "The syndic of Riese, in the name of the entire exultant population——" The good man read it aloud to us; many times that day he had read it to the entire and exultant population there assembled in front of gray Saint Matthew, clear through to the "fervid wishes and auguries of glory and prosperity: Andreazzo, sindaco."

Courteously he offered to take us to the sister of Pio Decimo.

"It is at two steps," he said, and added, "we all knew him well; he was a *figlio del popolo*. His father died years ago, but his mother we knew and she was a good, dear person. Yes," he repeated, as though he liked the phrase, "*una buona e cara persona*. And here is the inn of his good sister."

Over the door of the whitewashed tavern swung two rusty swords, giving the name to it—*Trattoria delle due Spade*. Before we entered the syndic pointed out the new town hall, from the balcony of which a new flag flapped in the breeze blown in

from the Adriatic and, with equal pride, an admirable palace of the Vernier family of Venice, who are in a way the lords of the little town. A curtain hung over the doorway; we went into a cool, dark room—a brick floor, tables and chairs, green cloths, a saintly picture or two, advertising lithographs on the walls, a locker with bottles and flasks; there was a smell of cooking and an acrid smell of wine beyond we came to a large, open, well-lit room—a sort of "general store" as country-folk say—where a boy in a white apron was cutting chops from a loin and a girl was ranging fresh-made cakes on a shelf; a half-dozen peasants drinking beer at little tables. The girl is big and handsome.

"*Ecco la Signorina Amalia*—niece of the Pope."

Frank and friendly, she shakes hands and smiles.

"Amalia is a good and dear person," says the syndic; "bring us some beer, my dear; we will drink to your health, and then ask your mother to come here—two strangers of distinction."

And she turned us glasses of pale, blond beer in which we drank to her happiness—the wholesome, black-eyed girl. Her mother came from the kitchen. She was a plain, thin worn-looking old woman, dressed all in black, with a chain of black beads on her neck; an acute, serviceable peasant of the better type, her name Theresa, the Pope's eldest sister and married to the innkeeper Parolin, a worthy man and municipal councillor of Riese. She was agitated and wiped her eyes now and then.

"But what do you think, Signora," our syndic said; "your thoughts, your emotions——"

"Ah, I can't realize what has happened," said the poor woman, "our brother Pope! What will he do—so simple and modest—in that place with his court and guards? He is God's vicar on earth and we shall never see him again. I have five sisters—one is married at Salzano and one at Boschia and the other three lived with the Cardinal."

All the history of the family; she told it with tearful emphasis; suddenly she laughed and cried, "Ah, but we are proud to-day!" And the syndic approved.

"And will you show us the house where he was born?"

"It is such a poor house," she said with a flush of confusion, "and there is hardly any furniture. When the Cardinal went to Venice he gave his furniture to Giovanni Parolin, his nephew. There is hardly anything left. You really want to see it? *Sì? Venga con me.*"

A little one-storied cottage of stone and stucco; on the ground floor a small reception-room and a smaller, dingier kitchen, a narrow staircase with worn steps goes up to the rooms above—four in all, one fairly large, the other three narrow bedrooms. It is the large one in which the Pope was born. Two windows give on the street. For furniture there was a good-sized couch, two wooden chairs and a bed—rustic workmanship and poor. On one wall a colored lithograph of Saint Zachary and opposite a print of the time of Pio Nono. This was the Pope's room. Even after he went to Venice he came here in summer. It spoke the simplicity of the man—the Peasant Pope. As the good wife said, the furniture had been taken away from the other rooms. Behind the house is a little garden, bare and neglected, where Pio Decimo sat to study and where, at a wooden table, he supped at night. I brought away the white belated rose that grew by the wall.

We returned to the Tavern of the Two Swords by way of the cemetery. Over every tomb fluttered little white flags, each bearing a name of the dead. A marble slab covers the grave wherein the mother of the Tenth Pius lies. The inscription, which he himself wrote, I copied and put it, thus, into English:

"MARGARET SANSON

"Exemplary woman—sage wife—incomparable mother. March 4, 1842, she lost her well-loved husband. Through many vicissitudes, sad or happy, she brought up her nine children with Christian care. She died February 2, 1894, at the age of 81. A holy death crowned her life of labor and sacrifice. Her loving children, the Cardinal Joseph Sarto, his brother and his sisters, pray God to grant her Eternal Rest."

Amalia said: "Do not speak of the prophecy to my mother. Ah, she fears it! The old man who prophesied is dead long ago. It was when my uncle was at the Seminary of Treviso. The wise man of Riese predicted he would remain nine years and no more in one place. And it has always been true. Nine years at Treviso—nine years in his cure—nine years at Venice—and now he has gone to Rome," said Amalia.

On her head she wore a kerchief such as Trevisan girls take pride in—red and yellow. I praised it.

"It is very common," she said.

"Then I cannot offer to buy it," I said finely.

"And I must give it to you—so!" said Amalia; her mother smiled; the syndic beamed. I bore away the red and yellow kerchief—a glorious piece of color it sprawls on the top of the desk whereat I write. In the cool of the evening we drove back to Castelfranco, my friend of the Adige and I; we met three carriages with pilgrims; from the town itself we saw a flight of American tourists, photographers, journalists.

"And to-morrow," said Signor Franchi, "there will be *un nugolo—dice—un vero nugolo!*" And so it was. It was something, though, to have been there first, ere yet the little town had lost its air of simplicity and peace and before Amalia had given away her kerchief.

A Pneumatic Tree-Trimmer

PNEUMATIC appliances of many kinds are adding greatly to the convenience of modern life. Nor are all these novel inventions reserved for the inhabitants of cities. Pneumatic pruning-shears, by which one operator in an orchard or along rows of shade-trees can do the work of half a dozen men, have just been perfected. The prodigious amount of work which can be accomplished with this device is said to cause very little fatigue. The apparatus is made light enough to be carried about readily and may be manipulated above the operator's head. Large limbs which ordinarily have to be sawed are easily clipped off with the new pruning-shears. The rapidity with which the cutting-knives are brought into action is limited only by the speed of the operator in moving a lever which offers no more resistance than the turning of a door-handle.

The office of this lever is to permit compressed air to rush up the tubular handle of the shears, when a piston-rod forced upward engages a set of toggle-levers that instantly spring at right angles with the handle. This action draws the cutting-knives together with great force. The size of the shears depends upon the length of toggle-levers employed. This can be regulated as desired.

The release of the lever opens communication between the cylinder and an exhaust, and a spring is thereupon operated which causes the knives to fly open. The contrivance is operated not only very rapidly but with great precision.

The Daughter of a Magnate

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

CHAPTER XIX

THEY had planned a quick relief with a small party, for every hour of exposure lessened the missing man's chances. Glover chose for his companions two men, Dancing—far and away the best climber in the telegraph corps—and Smith Young, roadmaster, a chainman of Glover's when he ran the Pilot line. Glover and Dancing were large men of unusual strength, and Young, lighter and smaller, had been known in a pinch to handle an ordinary steel rail. But above everything, each, even Glover, the youngest, was a man of resource in mountain craft.

They left the track near the twin bridges with only ropes, picks and skis and some stimulants and food. Without any attempt to catch his trail from where they knew he must have started, they made their way as directly as possible down the mountain and in the direction of the gap. The stupendous difficulties of making headway across the eastern slope did not become apparent until they were out of sight of those they had left, but from where they floundered in ragged washouts or spread in line over glassy escarpments they could see, far up on the mountain, the rotary throwing a white cloud into the sunshine and hear the far-off clamor of the engines on the hill.

Below the snowfield which they crossed they found the superintendent's trail, and saw that his effort had been to cross the gap at that point and make his way out toward the western grade where an easy climb of two hundred feet would have brought him to the track, or where, by walking half a mile, he could reach the track without climbing a foot, the grade there being nearly four per cent.

They saw, too, why he had been forced to give up that hope, for what would have been a difficult feat for three fresh men with skis was an impossibility for a spent man in the snow alone. They knew that what they had covered in two hours had probably cost him ten, for before they had followed him a dozen feet they saw that he was dragging a leg; further, the snow showed stains, and they crossed a field where he had sat down and bandaged his leg after it had bled for a hundred yards.

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HIS STORY WAS SHORT

The trail began, as they went on, to lose its character. Whether from weakness or uncertainty his steps had become wandering, and they noticed that he paid less attention to directness and shunned every obstacle that called for climbing, going great distances around rough places to avoid them. They knew it meant that he was husbanding failing strength and striving to avoid reopening his wound.

Twice they marked places in which he sat to adjust his bandages and the strain of what they read in the snow quickened their anxiety. Smith Young, superintendent now of that division, has never hunted since that day, because he never could stand it afterward to follow the trail of a wounded animal.

They found places where he had hunted for fuel to kindle a fire. Firing signals regularly, they reached, three and a half hours after they had started, the spot where he had camped the night before and saw the ashes of his fire. He was headed south; not because there was more hope that way—there was less—but as if he must keep moving and that were easiest. A quarter of a mile below where he had spent the night they caught sight of a man sitting on a fallen tree resting his leg. The next moment three men were in a tumbling race across the slope, and Blood, weakly hurrahing, was fainting in Glover's arms.

His story was short. He reminded his rescuers of the little spring on the hill at the point where the wreck had occurred. The ice that always spread across the track and over the edge of the gulch had been chopped out by the shovelers the afternoon before, but water trickling from the rock had laid a fresh trap during the night for unwary feet. In jumping from the gangway at the moment of the wreck Blood's heels had landed on smooth ice and he had tumbled and slid six hundred feet. Recovering consciousness at the bottom of a washout he found the calf of one leg "ripped a little," as he put it. The total loss of one side of his mustache, swept away in the slide and leaving on his face a peculiarly forlorn expression, he did not count—declaring on the whole, as he smiled into the swimming eyes around him, that with the exception of tobacco he was doing very well.

They got him in front of a big fire, plied him with food and stimulants, and Glover from a surgical packet bandaged anew the wound in the leg. Then came the question of retreat.

They discussed two plans. The first, to retrace their steps entirely; the second, to go back to where the gap could be attempted and the western track gained below the hill. Each meant much severe climbing, each presented its particular difficulties, and three men of the four felt that if the torn

artery opened once more their victory would be a barren one—that Blood needed surgical aid promptly, if at all. But Dancing had a third plan.

It was while they still consulted at this point that their fire was seen on Pilot Hill and reported to Bucks at the President's car, from which the rapidly-moving party had been seen only at long intervals during the morning.

The fire was the looked-for signal that the superintendent had been reached, and the word went from group to group of men up the hill with cheers and shouts. Through the strong glass that Glover had left Gertrude could see the smoke, and the storming signals of the panting engines above her made sweeter music after she caught with her eye the faint column in the distant gap. Even her father, feeling still something like a conscript, brightened up at the general rejoicing. He had procured his own glass and let Gertrude, with eager prompting, help him to find the smoke. The moment the position of Glover's party was made definite, Bucks ordered the car run down the Hog's Back to a point so much closer that across the broad cañon, flanking Pilot on the south, they could make out with their glasses the figures of the three men and, when they began to move, the smaller figure of Morris Blood.

Callahan had joined his chief to watch the situation, and they speculated as to how the four would get out of the gulf in which they were completely hemmed Gertrude and her father stood near

The eyes of the two bronzed railroad men at her side were like pilot guides to Gertrude. When she lost the wayfarers in the gullies or along the narrow defiles that gave them passage between towering rocks, their eyes restored the plodding line. Callahan was the first to detect the change from the expected course. "They are working east," said he after a moment's careful observation

"East?" echoed Bucks. "You mean west."

Callahan hung to his glass. "No," he answered, "east—and south. Here."

Bucks took the glass and looked a long time. "I do not understand," said he; "they are certainly working east. What can they be after, east? Well, they can't go very far that way without bridging the Devil's Cañon. Callahan," he exclaimed with sure instinct, "they will head south. Wait now till they appear again."

He relinquished the glass to explain to Mr. Brock where next to look for them. There was a long interval during which they did not reappear. Then the little file, emerging from the shadow of a rock, skirted a field of snow straight to the south. There were but three men in line. One, a little ahead, breaking path; following, two large men tramped close together, the foremost stooping under the weight of a man lying face upward on his back while the man behind supported the legs under his arms.

"They are carrying Morris Blood. He is hurt—that was to be expected. What?" exclaimed Bucks hardly a moment afterward, "they are crossing the snow. Callahan, they are walking for the south side of the Pilot; that's what it means. It is a forced march; they are making for the mines

Mount Pilot from the crest that divides at Devil's Gap rises abruptly in a three-faced peak the pinnacle of which lies to the south. Several hundred feet above the base lies the group of gold mines near the mountain and a short railroad spur blasted across the southern face runs to them from Glen Tarn. Below, the mountain wall breaks in long steps vertically to the base toward which Glover's party was heading.

The move made new dispositions necessary. Orders flew from Bucks like curlews, for it was more essential than ever to open the hill speedily.

The private car was run across the Hog's Back and the news sent to the rotary crew with injunctions to push with all effort as far at least as the mine switch, that help might be sent out on the spur to meet the party on the climb.

The increased activity apparent far up and down the mountain as the word went around, the bringing up of the last reserve engines for the hill battery, the effort to get into communication by telegraph with the mine hospital and Glen Tarn Springs, the feverish haste of the officials in the car to make the new dispositions quickly, all indicated to Gertrude the approach of a crisis—the imminence of a supreme effort to save one life if the endeavor enlisted the men and resources of the whole division. New gangs of shovelers strung on flat cars were being pushed forward Down the hill, spent and disabled engines were returning from the front and, while they took sidings, fresh engines, close-coupled, steamed slowly like leviathans past them up the hill

The moment the track was clear the private car was backed again down the ridge. Following the serpentine winding of the right of way Bucks was able to run the car around the mountain and it stopped opposite the southern face which rose across the broad cañon. When the party got their glasses fixed, the little company beyond the gulf had begun their climb and were strung like marionettes up the base of Pilot

The south face of the mountain, sheer for nearly a thousand feet, is broken by narrow ledges that make ascent possible, and not until the peak passes the timber does snow

"THAT IS A SUBJECT I NEVER DISCUSS WITH ANY ONE, MR. BROCK"

ordinarily find lodgment upon that side. Swept by the winds from the Spanish Sinks, the vertical reaches above the base usually offer no obstruction to a rapid climb, though except perhaps by early prospectors the arête had never been scaled. Glover, however, in locating, had covered every stretch of the mountain on each of its sides, and Dancing's poles and brackets, like banderillas stung into the tough hide of a bull, circled Pilot from face to face These two men were leading the ascent, below them could be distinguished the roadmaster and the injured superintendent.

Stripped to the belt and lashed in the party rope, the leader, gaunt and sinewy, stretched like an earthworm up the face of the arête—crossing, recrossing, climbing, retreating, his spiked feet settling warily into fresh holes below, his sensitive hands spreading like feelers high over the smooth granite for new holds above. Slowly, always, and with the deliberate reserve that quieted with confidence the feverish hearts watching across the gulf, the leaders steadily scaled the height that separated them from the railroad track. Like sailors patiently warping home, the three men in advance drew and lifted the fourth, who doughtily helped himself with foot and hand as chance allowed and watched patiently from below while his comrades disputed with the sheer wall for a new step above.

Bucks and Callahan, following every move, mapped the situation to their companions as each feature developed. With each triumph on the arête bursts of commendation and surprise came from the usually taciturn men watching the struggle with growing wonder. Bucks, apprehensive of delays in the track-opening on the hill, sent back Callahan in the car with instructions to pick a gang of ten men and pack them somehow across the snow to the mine spur that they might be ready to meet the climbing party and carry the superintendent down to the mine hospital.

Thirty feet below the mine track and as far above where Glover at the time was sitting—his rope made fast and his legs hanging over a ledge while his companions reached new positions—a granite wall rises to where the upper face has been blasted away for the track roadbed To the east this wall hangs without a break up or down for a hundred feet, but to the west it roughens and splits away from the main spur, forming a crevice or chimney from two or three feet wide, opening at the top to ten feet, where a small bridge carries the track across it. This chimney has been Dancing's quest from the moment the ascent began, for he had lost a man in that chimney when stringing the mine wires and knew precisely what it was

The chimney once gained, Dancing figured that the last thirty feet should be easy work, and he had made but one miscalculation: when he had descended it to pull up his lineman it was summer. Without extraordinary difficulty Glover gained the ledge where the chimney opened and waited for his comrades to ascend. When all were up they rested a few moments on their dizzy perch and, while Bill Dancing investigated the chimney, Glover took the chance to renew once more Morris Blood's bandages, which, strained by the climbing, caused continual anxiety

Bucks, with the party, in his glass could see every move. He saw Dancing disappear into the rock while his comrades rested, and made him out, after some delay, reappearing from the cleft. What he could not make out was the word that Dancing brought back—the chimney was a mass of ice

Standing with the two men, Gertrude used her glass constantly. Frequently she asked questions, but frequently she divined before her companions the directions and the movements. The hesitation that followed Dancing's return did not escape her. Up and down the narrow step on which they stood the three men walked, scanning anxiously the wall that stretched above them.

So hounds at fault on a trail double on their steps and move uneasily to and fro nosing the missing scent. Like lions flattened behind their cage bars the climbers flattened themselves against the rock and pushed to the right and the left, seeking an avenue of escape. They had every right to expect that help would already have reached them, but on the hill, through haste and confusion of orders, the new rotary had stripped a gear and an hour had been lost in getting in the second plow For safety, the climbers had in their predicament nothing to fear. The impelling necessity for action was the superintendent's condition; his companions knew he could not last long without a surgeon.

When suspense had become unbearable, Dancing reentered the chimney. He was gone a long time. He reappeared crawling slowly out on an unseen footing, a mere flaw in the smooth stretch of granite half-way up to the track. By cutting his rope and throwing himself a dozen times at death old Bill Dancing had gained a foothold, made fast a line and divided the last thirty feet to be covered. One by one his companions disappeared from sight—not into the chimney, but to the side of it, where Dancing had blazed a few dizzy steps and now had a rope dangling to make the ascent practicable.

One by one Gertrude saw the climbers, reappearing above, crawl like flies out on the face of the rock and, with craning necks and cautious steps, seek new advantage above. They discovered, at length, the remains of a scrub pine jutting out below the railroad track. The tree had been sawed off almost at the root when the roadbed was leveled and a few feet of the trunk was left hugging upward against the granite wall

Glover, Young and Dancing consulted a moment. The thing was not impossible; the superintendent was bleeding to death

Spectators across the gap saw movements they could not quite comprehend. Safety lines were overhauled for the last time, the picks put in the keeping of Morris Blood, who lay flat on the ledge. Glover and Bill Dancing, facing outward, planted themselves side by side against the rocky wall Smith Young, facing inward, flattened himself in Glover's arms, passed across him, and, pushing his safety girdle up under his arms, stood a moment between the two big men Glover and Dancing, getting their hands through the belt from either side, gripped him, and Young uncoiled from his right hand a rope noosed like a lariat. Steadied by his companions and swinging his arms in a cautious segment on the wall, he tried to hitch the noose over the trunk of the pine.

With the utmost skill and patience he coaxed the loop up again and again into the air overhead, but the brush of the short branches against the rock defeated every attempt to get a hold

He rested, passed the rope into his other hand, and with the same collected persistence endeavored to throw it over from the left

Sweat beaded Bucks' forehead as he looked. Gertrude's father, the man of sixty millions, with nerves bedded in ice, crushed an unlighted cigar between his teeth and tried to steady the glass that shook in his hand. Gertrude, resting one hand on a boulder against which she steadied herself, neither spoke nor moved. The roadmaster could not land his line

The two men released him and, with arms spread wide, he slipped over to where Morris Blood lay, took from him the two picks and cautiously rejoined his comrades. Two of the men, reversing their positions, faced the rock wall. They fixed a pick into a cranny between their heads, crouching together, and the third, planting his feet first on their knees and then on their shoulders, was raised slowly above them

The glasses turned from afar caught a sheen of sunshine that spread for an instant across the face of the mountain and sharply outlined the flattened form high on the arête. The figure seemed brought by the dazzling light startlingly near, and those looking could distinguish in his hand a pick which, with his right arm extended, he slowly swung up and up the face of the rock until he should swing it high enough to hook through the roots of the pine.

Gertrude asked Bucks who it was that spread himself above his comrades and he answered, Dancing: but it was Glover.

Deliberately his extended arm rose and fell in the arc he was following higher and higher, till the pick swung completely above his head and lodged where he sent it among the pine-tree roots. At the very moment, one of the men supporting him moved—the pick had dislodged a heavy chip of granite which, falling, struck his crouching supporter upon the head

He steadied himself instantly, but one instant cost the balance of the upmost man. With a suppressed struggle, heartbreaking half a mile away, the man above strove to right himself. Like light his second hand reached for the pick handle; he could not recover it. The pyramid wavered, and Glover, helpless, spread his hands wide.

By an instinct deeper than life she knew him then and cried out and out in agony. The pyramid was dissolving before her eyes, and all she saw was a strange figure with outstretched arms, a figure she no longer knew, slowly slipping headlong down a blood-red wall that burned itself into her brain.

CHAPTER XX

CRUELLY broken and bruised, Young, Bill Dancing and Glover late that night were brought up by the wrecking derrick in rope cradles and taken into the President's car, turned by its owner into a hospital. An hour after the fall on the south arête the hill blockade had been broken. With word of the disaster to nerve men already strained to the utmost, effort became superhuman, the impossible was achieved and the relief train run in on the mine track

Morris Blood, unconscious, was lifted from the narrow shelf at four o'clock and put under a surgeon's care in time to save his life. To rig a tackle for a three-hundred-feet lift was another matter; but even while the derrick car stood idle on the spur waiting for the cable equipment from the mine, a laughing boy of a surgeon from the hospital was lowered with the first of the linemen to the snowfield where the three men, roped together, had fallen, and surgical aid reached them before sunset

Last to come up, because he still gave the orders, Glover, cushioned and strapped in the tackle, was lifted like a spectre out of the blackness of the night into the streaming glare of the headlights. Very carefully he was swung down to the mattresses piled on the track, and before all that looked and waited a woman knelt and kissed his sunken eyes. Not then did the men, dim in the circle about them, show what they felt, though they knew, to the meanest track-hand, all it meant: not when, after a bare moment of hesitation, her father knelt opposite on the mattress pile did they break their silence, though they shrewdly guessed what that meant.

But when Glover steadied himself, pulled his disordered members together and at Gertrude's side walked without help to the step of the car, the murmur broke into a cheer that rang from Pilot to Glen Tarn.

"It was more than half my fault," he breathed to her that night after his broken arms had been set and the long gash on his head stitched. "I need not have lost my balance if I had kept my head. Gertrude, I may as well admit it—I'm a coward since I began to love you. Your face came before me just as Dancing's shoulder slipped—that's why I went. I'm done forever with long chances." But she, silent, tried only to quiet him while the car moved down the gap bearing them from Pilot together

"Do you know what day to-morrow is?" Gertrude was opening a box of flowers that Gloomy Battershawl had brought from the express office Glover, plastered with bandages, was standing before the grate fire in the hotel parlor

"To-morrow?" he echoed. "Sunday."

"Sunday! Why do you always guess Sunday when I ask you what day it is?"

"You'd think every day Sunday if you had had as good a time as I have for six weeks."

"The doctor does say you're doing beautifully. I asked him yesterday how soon you would be well and he said you never had been so well in your life. But what *is* to-morrow?"

"Thanksgiving."

"Thanksgiving, indeed! Yes, every day is Thanksgiving for us. But it's not especially *that*."

"Christmas."

"Nonsense! To-morrow is the second anniversary of our engagement"

"Gertrude, have we been engaged two years? At that rate I can't possibly marry you till I'm forty-four."

"It isn't two years; it is two months. And to-night they have their memorial services for poor Paddy McGraw. And do you know your friend Mr. Foley has our engine now? Yes; he came up the other day to ask about you but in reality to tell me he had been promoted. I think he ought to have been, after I spoke myself to Mr. Archibald about it. But what touched me was, the poor fellow asked if I wouldn't see about getting some flowers for the memorial at the engineers' lodge to-night—and he didn't want his wife to know anything about it because she would scold him for spending his money—see what you are coming to! So I suggested he let me provide his flowers and ours together, and when I tried to find out what he wanted he asked if a throttle made of flowers would be all right."

Your heart would not let you say no?"

"I told him it would be lovely and to leave it all to me."

She brought forward the box she was opening. "See how they have laid across these galax leaves this throttle-bar of violets—and latched it with a rose. Here, Solomon," she called the boy from an adjoining room, "take this very carefully. No. There isn't any card. Oh," she exclaimed as he went away and she clasped her lifted hands, "I am glad, I am glad we are leaving these mountains. Do you know papa is to be here to-morrow," she continued, "and that your speech must be ready? He isn't going to give his consent without being asked"

"I suppose not," said Glover dejectedly.

"What are you going to say?"

"I shall say that I consider him worthy of my confidence and esteem."

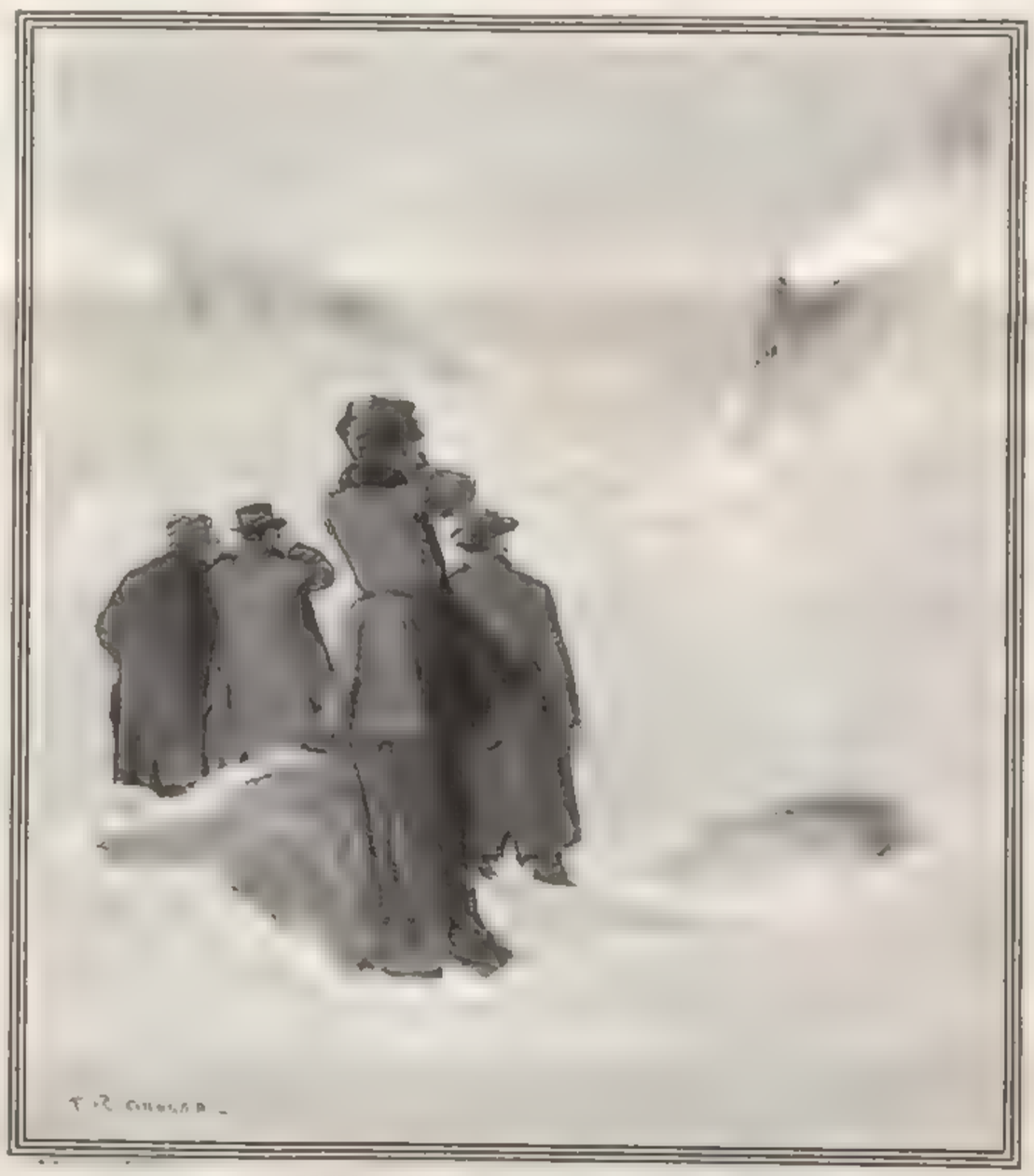
"I think you would make more headway, dearest, if you told him you considered *yourself* worthy of his confidence and esteem."

"But, hang it, I don't!"

"Well, couldn't you for once fib a little? Oh, Ab; I'll tell you what I wish you *could* do."

"Pray what?"

"Talk a little business to him. I feel sure if you could only talk business a while, papa would be *all* right."



GERTRUDE USED HER GLASS CONSTANTLY

"Business? If it's only a question of talking business the thing's as good as done. I can't talk anything but business"

Can't you, indeed! I like that. Pray what did you talk to me on the platform of my father's own car?

Business."

"You talked the silliest stuff I ever listened to——"

Not reflecting on any one present, of course"

"And, Ab——"

Yes

"If you could really take him aback somehow—nothing would give such an idea of you. I think that was what—well, I was *completely* overcome by your audacity——"

"You seemed so," commented Glover rather grimly. "Very well, if you want him taken aback, I'll take him aback—even if I have to resort to force." He withdrew his right arm from its sling and began unwrapping the bandages and throwing the splints into the fire. "What in the world are you doing?" asked Gertrude in consternation

There's no use carrying these things any longer. My right arm is just as strong as it ever was—and to tell the truth——"

"Now keep your distance, if you please."

"To tell the truth, I never could play ball left-handed, anyway, Gertrude. Now let's begin easy. Just shake hands with me"

"I'll do nothing of the sort. It's bad form, anyway—you may just shake hands with yourself All things considered, I think you have good reason to"

"I understand that you were Chief Engineer of this system at one time," began Mr. Brock at the very outset of the dreaded interview.

"I was," answered Glover

"And that you resigned voluntarily to take an inferior position on the mountain division?"

"That is true."

"Railroad men with ambition," commented Mr. Brock dryly, "don't usually turn their faces from responsibility in that way. They look higher and not lower."

"I thought I was looking higher when I came to the mountains"

"That may do for a joke, but I am talking business."

"I, too; and since I am, let me explain to you why I resigned a higher position for a lower one. The fact is well known—the reason isn't. I came to this road at the call of your Second Vice-President, Mr. Bucks. I have always enjoyed a large measure of his confidence. We saw some years ago that a reorganization was inevitable and spent many nights discussing the different features of it This is what we determined: that the key to this whole system, with its eight thousand miles of main line and branches, is this mountain division To operate the system economically and successfully means that the grades must be reduced and the curves eliminated on this division Surely with you I need not dwell on the A B C's of twentieth century railroading. It is the road that can handle the tonnage the cheapest that will survive. All this we knew and I told him to put me out on this division. It was during the receivership and there was no room for frills.

"I have worked here on a small story and done everything but maul spikes to keep down expenses on the division because we had to make some showing to whomever wanted to buy our junk. In this way I took a roving commission and packed my bag from an office where I could acquire nothing I did not already know to a position where I could get hold of the problem of mountain transportation and cut the coal bills of the road in two."

"Have you done it?"

"Have I cut the coal bills in two? No; but I have learned how. It will cost money to do that——"

"How much money?"

"Thirty millions of dollars."

"A good deal of money."

"No."

"No?

"No. Don't let us be afraid to face figures. You will spend a hundred millions before you quit, Mr Brock, and you will make another hundred millions doing it. To put it bluntly, the mountains must be brought to terms. For three years I have eaten and lived and slept with them. I know every grade, curve, tunnel and culvert from here to Bear Dance, yes, to the coast. The day of heavy gradients and curves for transcontinental tonnage is gone by. If I ever get a chance I shall rip this right of way open from end to end and make it possible to send freight through these ranges at a cost undreamed of in the estimates of to-day. But that was not my only object in coming to the mountains."

Go ahead

"Mr. Bucks and the men he has gathered around him—Callahan, Blood and the rest of us—are railroad men. Railroading is our business: we know nothing else. There was an embarrassing chance that when our buyer came he might be hostile to the present management. Happily"—

(Continued on Page 18)

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Faultfinders are heavy losers.

¶ Boswell was the father of all Press Agents.

¶ A cool proposition often makes a man hot.

¶ Bought politeness always wears the price tag

¶ Because a man is an Elk, it does not follow that he is a deer

¶ The wise man who knew himself left out his biography

¶ A woman never forgives the success of the man whom she refused to marry

¶ Turkey has inaugurated new reforms; which means, of course, more graveyards

¶ The man who was to make gold from sea water has been succeeded by the man who is to make diamonds from charcoal.

Penny Dreadfuls for All

IS THE free library, as it is now conducted, an unmixed blessing to any community?

Most of our readers will be ready to send up a howl of derision in answer to such a question. We Americans usually are like Chinamen—any printed book is a kind of holy fetich to us. We hold that our first duty is to teach every American child to read, and the second to open his way to countless books—all kinds of books—to let him take what he will from them, without money and without price. Mr Carnegie's recent enormous gifts help to gratify this national hunger for unlimited knowledge, and hence are hailed as an unmitigated good

Free libraries, as at first instituted in England for the benefit of the laboring classes, were founded on a totally different plan. A hundred or half a hundred volumes were carefully chosen by competent judges, placed in a case and sent to a village. When they had been read in that community they were sent to another and a fresh case was brought. But the gist of the matter lay in the fact that they were selected by responsible purveyors as the brain food suited to the needs of the especial people who read them

Mr. Churton Collins in a recent magazine article described the free library as it now exists in English towns. The taste of the ignorant, uneducated readers has been consulted in the choice of books and the shelves are filled with "shilling shockers," comic newspapers and immoral fiction. "Our boasted work among the masses," he says, "has resulted in little more than the exchange of one form of dissipation for another, of intellectual dram-drinking for physical"

Granting that our own free libraries cannot be charged with any such excess of vicious folly, it is a fact that they contain all kinds of knowledge with a large preponderance of the frivolous, trashy books of the day—the department-store literature of this new century, in which needy writers have come down many steps to suit the requirements of a public that has but lately begun to read.

Now, if free libraries are only intended to amuse their beneficiaries without regard to any permanent effect upon them, this is all right

But we are told they are intended to educate the next generation, to influence their lives

Our grandfathers had few books. They studied them They influenced their lives. The man who knew Plutarch and Bunyan and the Bible by heart shaped his ideas and his acts on them. But the man who gorges on a dozen paltry books a week comes out of the feast with blurred brain and dazed conscience

What kind of education is the young man or woman to gain from undirected, ignorant browsing on all kinds of books?

You do not choose for any practical work in life the man who is stuffed with scraps of knowledge. You don't employ a Jack-of-all-trades to build your house or make your coat or cure your fever, but a skilled architect or tailor or physician You don't feed your child a hody on mixed bits of food and poison. Why turn his mind and soul loose, unguarded, into a field where wholesome herbs grow side by side with deadly nightshade and mandragora.

Before we can hope for an uplifting and strengthening influence from the great masses of books now opened to the public, they must be chosen and controlled by wise and broad minded men

Such surveillance has already been demanded in England, where free libraries have been on trial longer than here.

What a Vacation is For

NOW, tens, hundreds of thousands of people are returning to their regular routine of life, each armed with what he or she fondly fancies is a license to abuse health for another nine months. Each feels "as well as ever." Each thinks that the ravages made by last winter's indiscretions are completely repaired. And each is looking forward to a winter of too little sleep, too little exercise of the healthful kinds, too much food, and too much use of the nervous system

But that license they have got from their summer vacation is a delusion and a snare. It reads, "Go and sin again" It should read, "Go and sin no more" What of youth and health you have thrown away you can never recover—never The best you can do is to patch together the remnants and keep the patches from breaking by going easy with the machine

The Best of Recommendations

WITHIN the present year the appointment of a young man for an important political position was brought before a group of men, each one of whom is nationally famous. The position required tact, discretion, character and staying power. There was a flaw in the record of the young man's father and that was cited against him with the statement, "We cannot afford to take any risk in this matter." Then another of the group spoke up and told what he knew of the young man's mother. After he finished there was no longer any question. They were willing to trust implicitly the son of such a woman—and the work of the young man since then has shown that their decision was right.

It is a modern illustration of the lessons of history. "I think I have sometimes observed to you in conversation," wrote John Adams to his wife, "that upon examining the biography of illustrious men you will generally find some female about them, in the relation of mother or wife or sister, to whose instigation a great part of their merit is to be ascribed." And after citing several instances, he concluded: "I believe the two Howes have not very great women for wives. If they had we should suffer more from their exertions than we do. This is our good fortune. A smart wife would have put Howe in possession of Philadelphia a long time ago"

Some female, in the relation of mother or wife or sister, instigates merit in these days as she never did before. It explains why the merely society woman seldom has a son who amounts to anything, while the plain, devoted mother sees her boy win the great prizes in business and politics.

The Divine Discontent

BEYOND question the "workingman" is discontented. Nor will his discontent decrease. On the contrary, the more he has, the more he'll want. His appetite will grow with what it feeds on

This Republic was started by just such men, was started for the purpose of creating ever more and more of them. The eagerness for better pay, for better treatment, for better surroundings, whether that eagerness be in the capitalist or in the street cleaner, is proof that the Republic is still doing business at the old stand in the old way. And the more or less turbulent wrangling over the division of the rewards will not cease until we have that silent peace which means either desolation or despotism

From Frying-Pan to Fire

THE trades-unions are learning an old but ever-being-relearned lesson—that no human being can be trusted with irresponsible power. Just like any other person put in a place where he cannot be easily called to account, just like monarchs and military officers and life-tenants of all kinds of jobs great and small, the "walking delegates" almost inevitably tend to become creatures of passion and greed

Of course, we human beings must trust one another, often to a certain extent and for a limited time with more power than is safe. But there is just one possession with which no man can trust any other man, not even if that other party be the party boss or the union's walking delegate. That possession is his freedom

Freedom, looked at from the most practical standpoint, is better than high wages, better than steady jobs. And he who erects a tyranny to fight a tyranny hangs chains upon himself through fear of having another hang them upon him. The unwilling slave is in his best part free and may again be free altogether. But what hope is there for the self-enslaved?

The Dignity of Simplicity

THE new Pope begins with reforms worthy of his democratic birth and beliefs, but none the less remarkable. He is making a bold stand for less ceremony, less personal red-tape, more simplicity and naturalness. This bespeaks a man both strong and free from vanity. For, while ceremony is the weak fellow's way of englamouring himself, many undoubtedly strong men have had a passion for it—and not wholly for the reason that it "awes the crowd" and makes the task of ruling easier

But the fact remains that if a man be entirely great, whether in mind or in character, the more he shows himself in simplicity the stronger his hold and the greater his renown. And if little men did but know and have the courage of their knowledge, they could make themselves look vastly less little by imitating the great virtue of simplicity. A dignity that must be viewed afar to be seen at all fits its wearer like the lion's skin the ass

The Deserted Villages

ONE reason for the swift drift of population toward cities and towns is that the country needs fewer workers all the time while the cities and towns need more. As we grow in civilization we produce more and more raw material with less and less expenditure of human toil; on the other hand, manufacturing processes grow more and more complicated, requiring more and better workers. Therefore, in the main, the relative decline of rural and semi-rural population is an excellent, admirable sign

The other reason is a reason why trolley and railway and other devices for enabling the worker to bring up his family in the best possible circumstances, far from the foul breath of the factory, do not counteract the cityward drift as they should. The country and the country town are so deadly dull for those of us who need constant outside stimulus to save us from the dreadful doom of boredom—and how many of us do not?

In Europe the country towns have public parks and general assembly rooms where bands play in the evening, where people of all kinds gather to drink their coffee or tea or other light beverage. And life goes along to a tune that is gay. Why are we so sad and secluded when we loathe both sadness and seclusion?

The Basement School of Manners

IT IS not to be disputed that there is a great deal of very offensive bad manners among employees of public and private corporations, business houses and private families. But it should not be overlooked that there is also a great deal of bad manners among those in positions of authority toward those over whom they have power.

Comparison is impossible between a doorkeeper who is ill-mannered toward callers and a corporation president who tramples on the right of that doorkeeper, his employee, to courteous treatment. And the offense of an uppish servant is lost sight of in the offense of her mistress who fancies she is showing superiority by treating the servant like a member of an inferior order of animals

If those whose manners are so often severely criticised were as capable of expressing themselves in places where their expressions would be heard as are their critics, the movement toward better manners might decide to take hold and make a beginning in another part of the social structure, and not in the lower stories

THE INDEPENDENT WEST

How Wheat Has Made the Western Farmer Independent of the Eastern Banker

By Clarence H. Matson

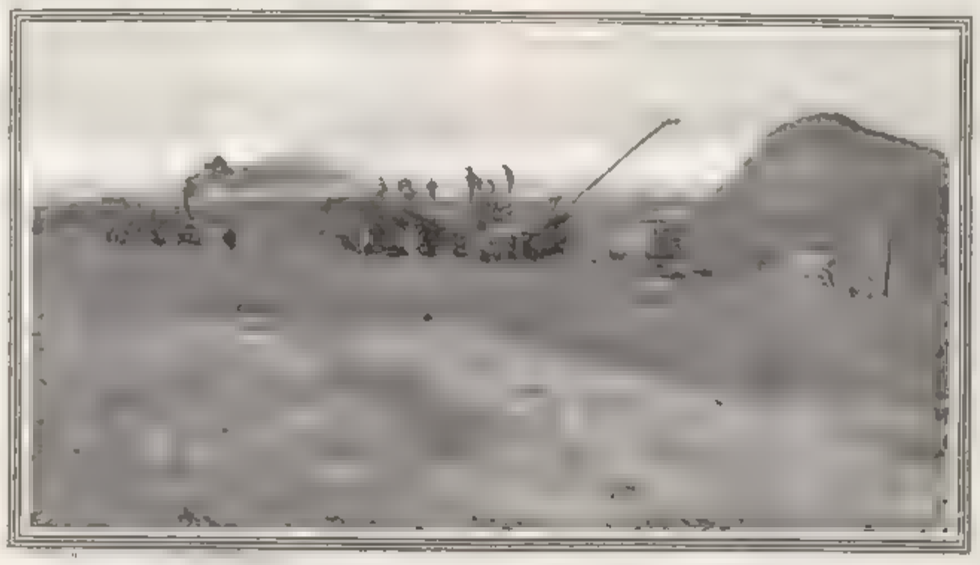
IN 1875 a settler in Ellis County, Kansas—Mr. Hill P. Wilson, now Assistant Secretary of State of Kansas—sowed ten acres of his prairie homestead to wheat as an experiment. It was the first wheat ever sown in the county. The experiment proved so successful and the wheat produced so bountifully that Mr. Wilson had difficulty in saving it, as there was no machinery in the county for harvesting it. This year, after little more than a quarter of a century has passed, there has just been harvested in the same county nearly two hundred thousand acres of wheat, and when it is threshed and the bushels counted the product will probably be in excess of three million bushels—enough to give each farmer in the county an average of sixteen hundred dollars for his wheat alone when the crop is sold.

This tells in brief the story of the development of the Kansas wheat belt. Within little more than a third of a century there has been rescued from what was once known as the Great American Desert a farming area which in Kansas alone in 1901 produced over ninety million bushels of wheat—the United States Department of Agriculture places it at ninety-nine million bushels—nearly one-seventh of the crop of the entire country, to say nothing of other farm products, and this year it has produced even more. A region which only fifty years ago was less known than is Central Africa to-day it now produces bread for millions of human beings, both in America and Europe, and adds immensely to the wealth of the nation.

Thirty-seven years ago only 12,171 acres of wheat were sown in Kansas, and the crop amounted to only 260,456 bushels. This year any one of more than a dozen single counties in the State produced more than ten times that amount. The acreage for the entire State for 1903 was approximately six million acres, and when the crop which was recently harvested is measured it will probably be found to be more than one hundred million bushels.

But the turning of the desert into gold-producing fields has been by no means an easy task. The first settlers found the country much as Coronado left it three hundred and sixty years ago when he failed to find the fabled gold he was seeking. The wide-rolling prairies were still covered with herds of buffalo and antelope, and the only trees were the few along the streams. The rainfall was uncertain and crop failures were frequent in consequence. But the settlers persevered. They planted trees and plowed the earth. This held the moisture instead of allowing it to run off and gradually climatic conditions changed. The rainfall increased until now Central Kansas is comparatively sure of a crop each year. The extreme western counties are still somewhat uncertain in their rainfall. They are in what is called the "semi-arid belt," and little effort is made in them along agricultural lines, but nearly the entire country is given to cattle-raising. But each year the boundary-line between the wheat belt and the cattle country is pushed a little farther west, and this year eleven western counties were added to the list of those which produce more than a million bushels of wheat each.

Though Kansas is the greatest wheat-producing State in the Union, less than half of it really grows wheat to any considerable extent. During the past summer some Eastern college students went West to Kansas to work in the harvest-fields. They expected that when they reached Topeka they would be in the midst of the wheat-growing country, but instead they found themselves still a hundred miles from the wheat fields, and it was fifty miles farther to where there was a demand for harvest hands. The eastern two fifths of the State grows less than one-tenth of the wheat produced in Kansas, while the extreme western counties grow still less. The eastern counties produce more corn, fruits and a diversity of crops and live stock, while the western counties are great cattle ranges. The wheat belt lies in the central and west-central part of the State, extending across it from north to south. In 1901 there were thirty "million-bushel counties"—that is, counties which produced more than a million bushels of wheat each. They occupied practically the middle third of the State and produced 71,000,000 of the more than ninety million bushels of wheat grown in Kansas that year, according to the figures of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture. This year three of the more easterly of these counties dropped out of the million-bushel list, while eleven others were added on the western boundary of the wheat belt. It is estimated that these thirty-eight million-bushel counties this year grew upward of eighty-eight million bushels of the something over one hundred million-bushel crop.



THRESHING WHEAT DIRECT FROM THE HARVESTER

It is these thirty-eight counties, with a few others adjoining them which come just under the million-bushel mark, which constitute the wheat belt of Kansas. Many other counties produce from one hundred thousand to five hundred thousand bushels each, but wheat is not their chief crop, and a county which does not raise more than half a million bushels of the flour-making cereal is not regarded as much of a wheat county in Kansas. Other crops are raised in the wheat belt also, but wheat is the principal product. In some places one can stand on an elevation and see nothing but a sea of yellowy grain for miles in all directions, but this is not usual. Corn, oats, alfalfa, broom corn, rye, barley and forage crops are also raised to a considerable extent. For instance, in 1902 these wheat-belt counties produced 59,494,176 bushels of corn and 16,379,695 bushels of oats, while of the 458,491 acres of alfalfa in Kansas, 215,621 acres are in these wheat counties.

The problem of harvesting the wheat crop has become one of serious proportions to the Kansas farmer. This is because many of the wheat counties are comparatively sparsely settled and there are not enough people within their borders to care for the grain. The harvest and the threshing which follow it make up the most of the labor in wheat raising. The plowing and seeding is work which can be delayed to suit the farmer, but the harvest, like time and tide, waits for no man. The plowing is done at any time between the first of August and the middle of October, and the seed is drilled some time during September or October—the later, the less liable it is to suffer from the ravages of the Hessian fly. In some of the western counties the farmers plow their land only once in two years, every alternate year seeding directly on the stubble of the crop just harvested. Then, too, some farmers are beginning to plow by steam, using the traction-engines which run their threshing machines. If the ground is not too soft, one of these engines will do the work of six teams and will plow a strip from six to eight feet wide each trip across the field. The use of engines in plowing is not common at present, but it is increasing each year.

The plowing and seeding of the wheat-fields, therefore, do not hurry the farmers, and when the wheat is sown it requires no further attention until it is ready to harvest in June or July. The farmer can give all his time to his live stock or to other crops. If he raises only wheat, he might as well take a trip to Europe, so far as taking care of his crop is concerned, from October to the following June. For eight or nine months it requires no attention whatever. Many business men in the towns own wheat farms and the farms require their attention not more than one month in the year, yet the returns are comparatively large. The fact that wheat requires so little care except at harvest-time accounts for the fact that a county which produces little else but wheat is usually not so thickly populated as a region in which diversified crops are grown. Diversified crops require more labor and consequently a larger population to till the soil. Trego County, Kansas, has a population of only 2772, yet it produced this year 1,338,183 bushels of wheat, 482 bushels for every man, woman and child in the county. Barton, the second largest wheat-producing county in the State, has a population of only 13,823, yet its wheat crop this year amounted to nearly five million bushels.

So it happens, when harvest-time comes, there are not nearly enough people in these sparsely inhabited counties to care for the crop and there is a sudden demand for outside labor. As the demand comes from about thirty counties at once, and as each county asks for from one hundred to four thousand outside harvest workers, the problem of securing them is a difficult one. This year Barton County alone asked for 4400, and the total number called for in the Kansas wheat belt was over twenty six thousand. To render it more difficult to secure them, the Western floods came just preceding the harvest, and thousands of extra laborers were employed by the railroads in repairing the flood damage. The need for hands was so great in some counties that the farmers actually stopped express trains and went through them trying to hire passengers to stop off and work in the harvest fields. The surrounding States poured their surplus of idle men into the Kansas wheat belt, but still there was a deficiency, and hundreds of bushels actually went to waste on the ground because of a lack of men to harvest them in time. The call went East for help, but the East did not awake to it until the harvest was nearly over. Then New York and other Eastern cities sent several large parties, some of them college men, to the Kansas harvest fields, but many of them did not reach the State until the wheat was all cut. The work is very hard, and men who are not accustomed to farm work find it difficult to inure themselves to the hardships of the harvest-fields, and only those with a superabundance of grit stayed by the work until they got their muscles in shape to stand it.

Year by year the farmers are slowly solving the harvest problem by the use of machinery. Each succeeding year they succeed in doing more work with fewer hands. Now, before the grain is entirely ripe they start in with a self-binder, which automatically ties the grain in bundles. One man runs the machine while two others set the bundles up in shocks. The binder requires three horses and cuts about fifteen acres a day. Thus three men and three horses can in ten days cut and shock one hundred and fifty acres of grain, but after that it still has to be stacked. By that time the grain still standing in the field has become so ripe that

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it will "shell" if thrown around in bundles. Then the header is resorted to. This is a machine considerably larger than the binder and requires six horses. The teams walk behind the machine and push it ahead of them. The machine takes its name from the fact that it cuts the grain just below the heads, leaving most of the straw in the fields. Seven men are required for a header crew, but they will cut thirty acres of wheat in a day, and when night comes the grain is all in the stack. A header box," a huge concern the size of a hayrack and the shape of a piano box with the front removed and lying on its back, is driven by the side of the header, and the machine elevates the grain into it. Unless the grain "shells" to any considerable extent it goes directly into the header box and is safe. As fast as a header box is filled another takes its place while it is driven to the stack and unloaded. In some of the wheat counties the farmers are beginning to use bonanza harvesters, which cut and thresh the grain all at one operation. These require a large number of horses and men, but they do the work swiftly and the grain is ready for the market as soon as it is harvested. These big machines are used on the bonanza wheat farms of California, but they are sometimes found to be impractical in Kansas, because the soil is so soft that it requires too much power to operate them.

The cost of raising an acre of wheat, including interest on the value of the land, varies from seven to nine dollars in the eastern wheat counties, where land is worth from thirty to fifty dollars an acre, down to about five dollars in the more westerly counties, where land can be purchased at from ten to twenty dollars an acre, and where many farmers plow their wheat land only once in two years, thereby decreasing the cost of production. Wheat is worth on an average about sixty cents a bushel, so that it requires a yield of three bushels per acre to pay the expense of raising grain that costs nine dollars an acre, including interest on the investment, while a much smaller yield will pay expenses and a profit besides in the western counties where the expense is less. This is one reason why the counties in Eastern Kansas, where the land has become valuable and where the rainfall during July and August is sufficiently certain to insure corn and diversified crops, produce comparatively little wheat, but are rich in other farm products. In the western counties a wheat crop yielding from fifteen bushels an acre upward is an exceedingly valuable crop, and it makes no difference to the wheat raiser whether it rains after the first or second week in June, as his wheat crop is "made" by that time.

Nearly every year there are frequent instances of a wheat crop being worth more than the ground on which it was grown, but these instances are not, of course, the rule. For instance: In the spring of 1902 W. B. Fulkerson, of Graham County, purchased from the Union Pacific Railroad Company 160 acres, a "quarter section," of raw prairie land at $10 an acre, paying, as is customary in buying railroad lands, one-tenth of the purchase price each year. It cost him $1.25 an acre to have the soil "broken," and last fall he sowed it to wheat at an additional cost of $4.37 an acre, including the harvesting and threshing. It yielded him in July twenty-seven and two-thirds bushels an acre, which he sold at fifty-seven cents a bushel, making the value of the wheat $15.77 an acre. The total cost of the land, of preparing the ground and sowing and harvesting the crop, was $15.62 an acre, so that Mr. Fulkerson's net profit from his wheat crop this year was more than sufficient to pay for the land on which it grew. This is, of course, an exceptional case, but it shows why the sturdy settlers on the prairies are conquering the semi-arid region with wheat, and why less than forty counties on the edge of this semi-arid region in Central and Western Kansas produced this year one-seventh of all the wheat grown in the United States in an average year.

The greater part of the wheat grown in Kansas is known as "Turkey red," a hard winter variety. Wheat is known as "winter" and "spring," according to the time of seeding. Winter wheat is sown in the fall and furnishes rich pasturage during the late autumn and part of the winter; spring wheat is sown early in the spring months. Nearly all Kansas wheat is sown in the fall and the farmers who have live stock feed their cattle and horses on it for several months. "Turkey red" wheat was first brought to Kansas in 1874 by a party of Russian Mennonites, who had raised it in Crimea. It was very hardy and yielded better than the soft wheats which had been grown previous to that time. The Kansas farmers recognized its worth and it

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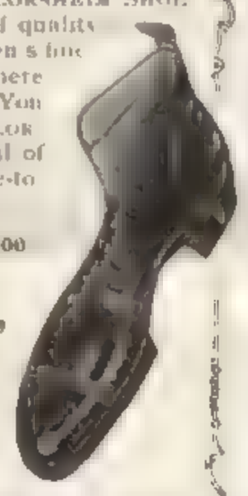

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spread over several counties in the wheat belt. The mills were not adapted to grinding the hard, flinty grain, and the millers refused to pay as much for it as for soft wheat, but it was such a good crop that the farmers persisted in raising it. At length the millers remodeled their plants, putting in machinery for properly grinding the hard wheat. Then people had to be educated to use it. Its flour is not so white as that of the soft wheat and housewives consequently thought it did not make so good bread. No other grain, however, is so rich in gluten, the material which makes it especially valuable for bread, as Kansas hard wheat, and this fact gradually became recognized, and to-day it is extensively used, especially in Europe, for mixing with soft wheats in order to supply the necessary gluten to produce a good bread flour. Especially is this the case in Germany, and not long ago a large milling concern at Hamburg announced an increase in its capital stock in order to remodel its plant so that it could devote itself exclusively to grinding Kansas hard wheat. The soft wheats are more starchy and are excellent for crackers, pastry and cakes, but they are not so rich in food value as the gluten hard wheat. About forty per cent of the Kansas wheat crop is utilized by Kansas mills, a considerable portion goes to mills in other States for blending with soft wheats, and millions of bushels go direct to the great markets for export.

Wheat is not always a sure crop. In 1902 more than a million acres were plowed up for various causes, and the total product was a little less than fifty-five million bushels. This would have been a big crop for most States, but it was considered a small one in Kansas. The wheat is sown in the fall, and before it is harvested the following June or July it must run the gauntlet of the "dry freezes," March winds, chinch-bugs, droughts, the Hessian fly, hailstorms, rust, floods, and various other interesting calamities; and the pessimists generally have the crop killed by each of these evils in succession. Yet notwithstanding this formidable array of enemies the wheat crop generally matures all right. But even then the troubles of the farmer are not over. There is the shortage of harvest hands, and he has to work night and day for two weeks to save his crop from shelling itself on the ground. Then a big crop is always followed by a "car famine." The railroads cannot furnish cars fast enough to haul away the grain as it comes from the threshers, and few farmers have bin room to store a big crop. Sometimes for years afterward you'll see great quantities of wheat on the ground beside the railroad tracks for want of storage room until cars can be secured in which to ship the grain.

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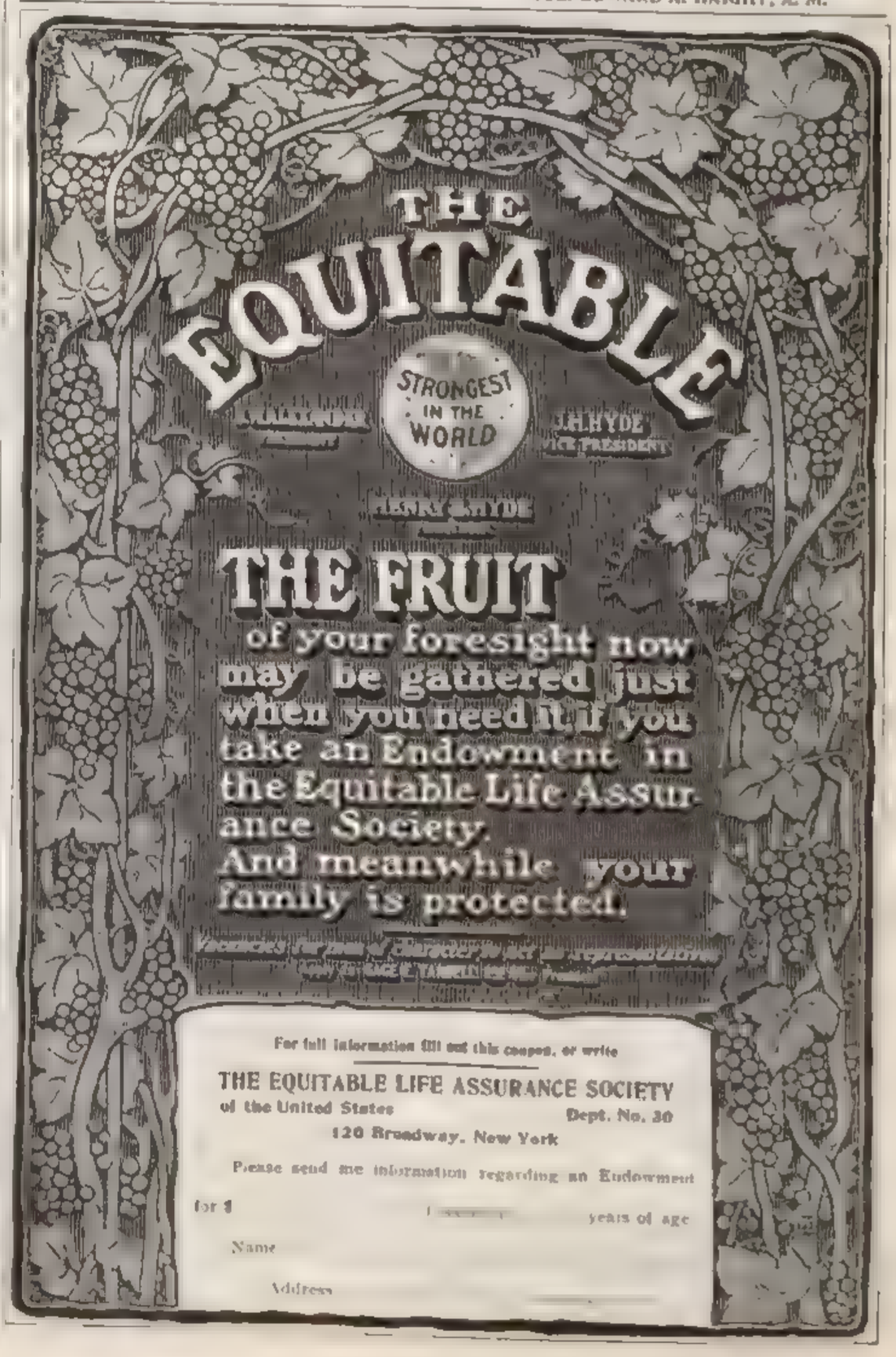
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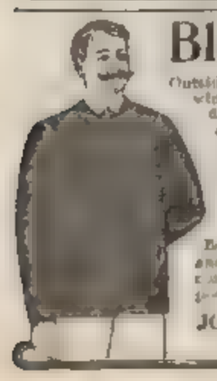

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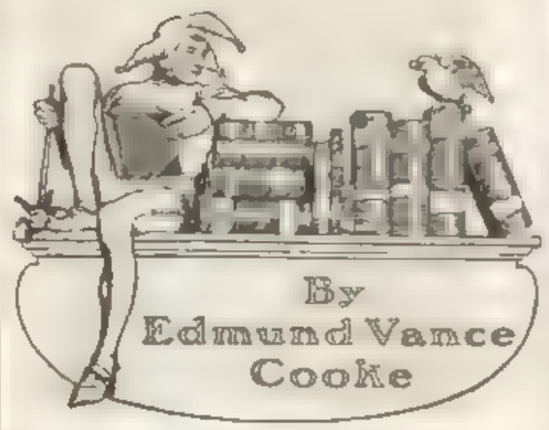

By Edmund Vance Cooke

Are You You?

Are you a trailer, or are you a trolley?
Are you tagged to a leader through wisdom and folly?
Are you Somebody Else, or You?
Do you vote by the symbol and swallow it "straight"?
Do you pray by the book, do you pay by the rate?
Do you tie your cravat by the calendar's date?
Do you follow a cue?

Are you a writer, or that which is worded?
Are you a shepherd, or one of the herded?
Which are you—a What or a Who?
It sounds well to call yourself "one of the flock,"
But a sheep is a sheep after all. At the block
You're nothing but mutton, or possibly stock.
Would you flavor a stew?

Are you a being and boss of your soul,
Or are you a mummy to carry a scroll?
Are you Somebody Else, or You?
When you finally pass to the heavenly wicket,
Where Peter the Scrutinous stands at his picket,
Are you going to give him a blank for a ticket?
Do you think it will do?

Conscience Pianissimo

You are honest as daylight. You're often assured
That your word is as good as your note—unsecured.
We could trust you with millions unaudited, but—
Tut! tut!
There is always a "but,"
So don't get excited) I'm pained to perceive
It is seldom I notice you grumble, or grieve,
When the custom-house officer pockets your tip
And passes the contraband goods in your grip.
You would scorn to be shy on your ante, I'm certain,
But skinning your Uncle you're rather expert in.

Well, I'm proud that no taint of the sort touches me
(For I've never been over the water, you see.)

Your yardstick's a yard and your goods are all wool,
Your bushel's four pecks and you measure it full.
You are proud of your business integrity, yet—
Don't fret!
There is always a "yet,")
I never have noticed a sign of distress or
Disturbance in you when the upright assessor
Has listed your property somewhere about
Half what you would take were you selling it out.
You're as true to the world as the world to its axis,
But you chuckle to swear off your personal taxes.

As for me, I would scorn to do any such thing,
(Though I may have considered the question last spring

You have notions of right. You would count it a sin
To cheat a blind billionaire out of a pin.
You have a contempt for pettiness, still—
Don't chill!
There is always a "still,")
I never have noticed you storm with neglect
Because the conductor had failed to collect,
Or growl that the game wasn't run on the square
When your boy in the high school paid only half fare.
The voice of your conscience is hasty and audible,
But a railroad—good Heavens! Why that's only laudable.

Of course, *I* am quite in a different class;
For me, it is painful to ride on a pass!

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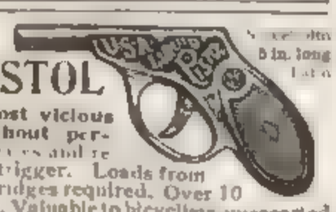

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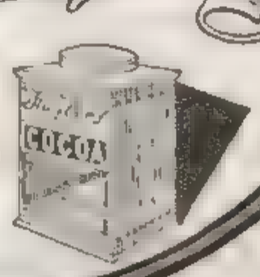

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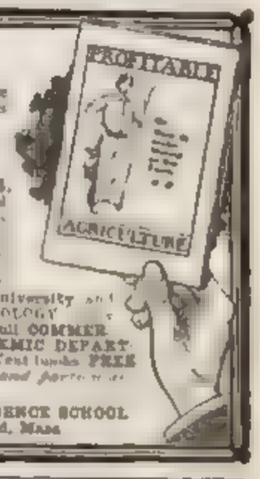

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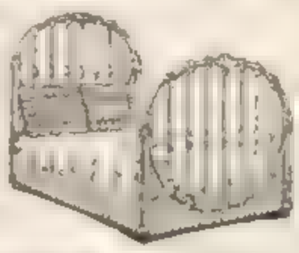

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The Daughter of a Magnate

(*Continued from Page 11*)

Glover bowed to the Pittsburg magnate—"he wasn't, but he might have been——"

"I see."

"We were prepared for that."

"How?"

"I shouldn't speak of this if I did not know you were Mr. Bucks' closest friend. Even he doesn't know it, but six months of my own time—not the company's—I put in on a matter that concerned my friends and myself and I have the notes for a new line to parallel this if it were needed—and Blood and I have the only pass within three hundred miles north or south to run it over. These were some of the reasons, Mr. Brock, why I came to the mountains."

"I understand. I understand perfectly. Mr. Glover, what is your age, sir?"

The time seemed ripe to put Gertrude's second hint into play.

"That is a subject I never discuss with any one, Mr Brock."

He waited just a moment to let the magnate get his breath and continued: "May I tell you why? When the road went into the receivership I was named as one of the receivers on behalf of the Government. The President, when I first met him during my term, asked for my father, thinking he was the man that had been recommended to him. He wouldn't believe me when I assured him I was his appointee. 'If I had known how young you were, Glover,' said he to me afterward, 'I never should have dared appoint you.' The position paid me twenty-five thousand dollars a year for four years; but the incident paid me better than that, for it taught me never to discuss my age."

"I see, I see. A fine point. You have taught *me* something. By the way, about the pass you spoke of—I suppose you understand the importance of getting hold of a strategic point like that to—a—forestall—competition?"

"I have hold of it."

"I do not mind saying to you, under all the circumstances, that there has been a little friction with the Harrison people. Do you see? And, for reasons that may suggest themselves, there may be more. They might [illegible] to run a line to the coast themselves. The young man has, I believe, been turned down——"

"I understood the—the slate had been—changed slightly," stammered Glover, coloring.

"There might be resentment, that's all. Blood is loyal to us, I presume."

"There's no taint anywhere in Morris Blood. He is loyalty itself."

"What would you think of him as General Manager? Callahan goes to the river as Traffic Manager. Mr. Bucks, you know, is the new President; he has agreed to relieve me of everything except the Chairmanship of the Board of Directors and these are his recommendations. What do you think of them?"

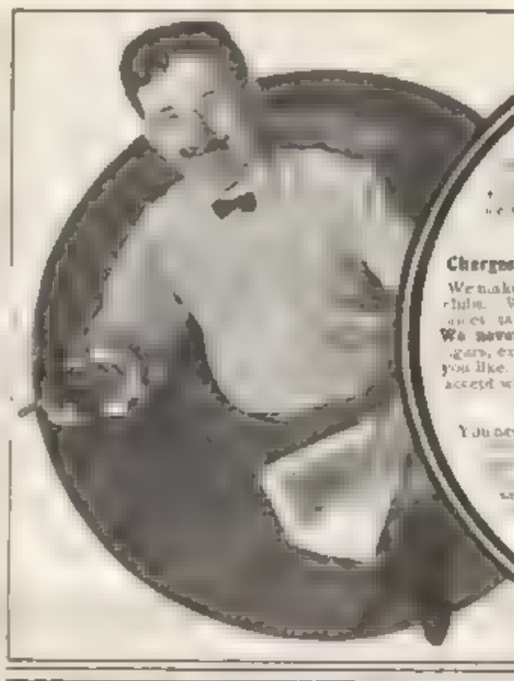
"No better men on earth for the positions and I'm mighty glad to see them get what they deserve."

"Our idea is to leave you right here in the mountains." It was hard to be left completely out of the new deal, but Glover did not visibly wince. "With the title," added Mr. Brock, after he knew his arrow had gone home, "with the title of Second Vice-President, which Mr. Bucks now holds. That will give you full swing in your plans for the rebuilding of the system. I want to see them carried out as the estimates I've been studying this winter show. Don't thank me. I did not know till yesterday they were all your plans. You can have every dollar you need: it will rest with you to produce the results. I guess that's all. No, stop. I want you to go East with us next week for a month or two as our guest. You can forward your work the faster when you get back and I want you to meet the men whose money you are going to spend. Were you waiting to see Gertrude?"

"Why—yes, sir—I——"

"I'll see whether she's around."

Gertrude did not appear for some moments after her father left, then she half ran and half glided in, radiant. "I couldn't get away!" she exclaimed. "He's talking about you yet to Aunt Jane and Marie. He says you're filled with dynamite—*I* knew that—a most remarkable young man. How did you ever convince him you knew anything? I am confident you don't. You must have taken him somehow aback, didn't you?"



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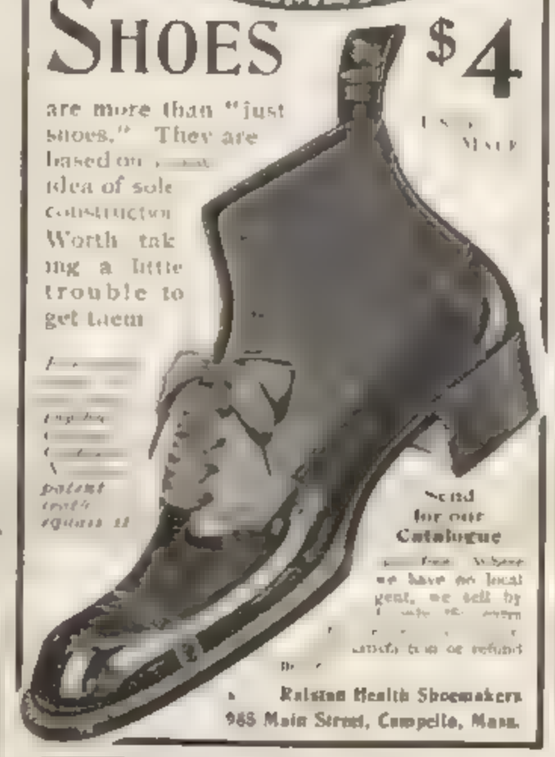

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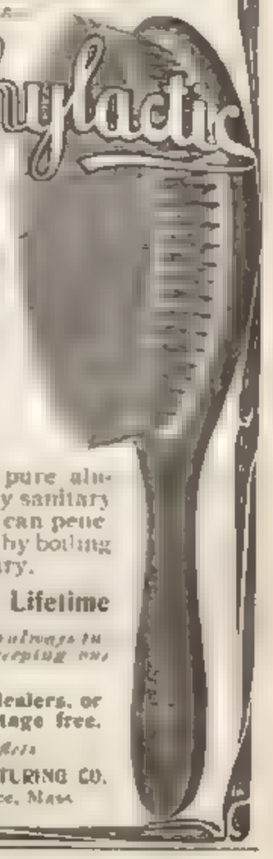

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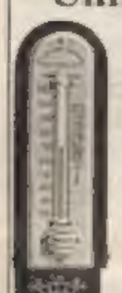

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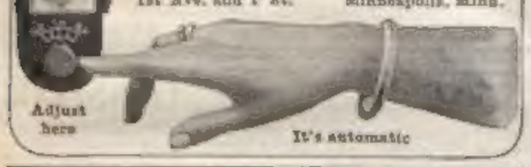

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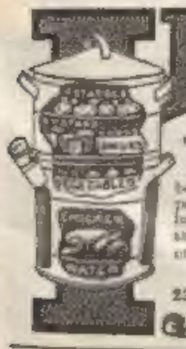
IDEAL STEAM COOKERS



With Whistle, we know are quite a little better than others. Of course, you don't know it, but having seen our ads. all these years, haven't you about decided there must be something in our claims? Our 32 page **Free Book** will convince you, as it has thousands of others, that you can save **money, time, food** and **fuel** with one of our Cookers. May we send it?

TOLEDO COOKER CO., Toledo, O.
2340 Albion St. *Agents Wanted.*

BUBBLES WITHOUT SOAP SUDS. Takes the children of every town by storm—The Bubbler. Get the agency at once. Sells immediately. Big profit for you. Sample and full particulars, 10 cents.
Chas. Schindler, 1211 Washington Street, Toledo, Ohio

"If you want to give your father a touch of asthma," suggested Glover, "ask him how old I am; but he had me frightened once or twice," admitted the engineer, wiping the cold sweat from his wrists.

"But he gave his consent?"

"Why—hang it—I—we got to talking business, and I forgot to——"

"So like you, dear. However, it must be all right, for he said he should need your help in buying the coast branches and The Short Line."

"The Short Line?" gasped Glover. "Well, I haven't inventoried lately. If we marry in June——"

"Don't worry about that, for we sha'n't marry in June, my love."

"But when we do we shall need some money for a wedding trip——"

"We certainly shall; a lot of it, dearie."

"I may have ten or twelve hundred left after that is provided for. But my confidence in your father's judgment is very great, and if he's going to make up a pool my money is at his service as far as it will go, to buy The Short Line or any other line he may take a fancy to."

"Why, he's just now telling Marie about your making a hundred thousand dollars in four years by being wonderfully shrewd ——"

"But that confounded mine that I told you about——"

"You dear, old stupid. Never mind, you have made a real strike to-day. However, if you ever again delude papa into thinking you know more than I do, I shall expose you without mercy."

The train, a private car Special, carrying the chairman of the board and his family, the new President and the Second Vice-President elect, was pulling slowly across the long spans of the Spider bridge. Glover and Gertrude had gone back to the observation platform. Leaning on his arm, she was looking across the big valley and into the west. The sun, setting clear, tinged with gold the far snows of the mountains.

"It is less than a year," she was murmuring, "since I crossed this bridge; think of it. And what bridges have I not crossed since! See. Your mountains are fading away——"

"My mountains faded away, dear heart, don't you know, when you told me I might love you. As for those," his eyes turned from the distant ranges back to her eyes, "after all, they brought me you."

(THE END)

The Boot and Shoe Plant

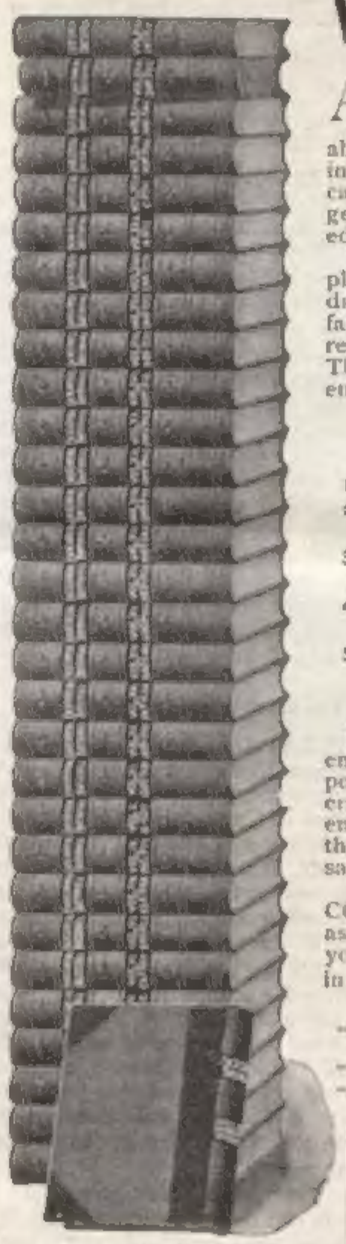
AGRICULTURAL experts predict that one of the great future industries in many parts of America will be the cultivation of canaigre, a plant whose roots contain more than thirty per cent. tannic acid, which is more than twice the quantity of tannin contained in the bark of oak and hemlock.

Canaigre can be grown with great success on arid lands. The significant fact in the development of canaigre is that it makes its growth in the winter. Long before the annual drought in the extreme arid regions sets in the roots of this plant have matured. It is authoritatively announced that in States to which it is adapted canaigre farming will meet the most sanguine expectations of all who embark in the enterprise. A crop may be counted upon absolutely every year. A yield under proper cultivation is said to be from ten to twenty tons of marketable roots to the acre.

Canaigre has a high commercial value. To secure tanbark in former years great forests have been destroyed. Under careful experiments canaigre roots are found to be not only richer in tannin than oak and hemlock bark, as stated, and of sumac, pine, elm, horse-chestnut, valonia, kino, divi-divi, plum and pear, but also more valuable in quality.

Thus far it has been demonstrated that canaigre will thrive in the Rio Grande Valley, on the Mimbres River, in the vicinity of Albuquerque, in the Pecos Valley, in Arizona, and in portions of Texas and California.

Canaigre, known botanically as *Rumex hymenosepalus*, is closely allied to the rhubarb plant. It can be grown either from seeds or roots. It is not attacked by any species of insect. Experimenting scientists recommend canaigre cultivation on an extensive scale, asserting that no other field crop will yield so large a financial return.



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Result of 78 years' experience
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we will ship one express prepaid anywhere east of the Rocky Mountains for $15.00. This mattress is made entirely of the finest curled hair, thoroughly cleansed and sanitary. It is light, soft and resilient, and will last a lifetime. It is sold at this price direct to the consumer in order to introduce it. The retail price is $22.50 to $30.00. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Write for free booklet giving full particulars.

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The READING TABLE

Knowledge of Insect Life

DOCTOR DYAR, of the Washington Entomological Society, is a young man of great ability. He enjoys a big income from real estate in New York City and if he so chose could lead a life of luxury. Instead, he toils without pay or vacation, early and late, in a dim and crowded laboratory.

One day not long ago while engaged in field work a paper box addressed to him arrived at the National Museum. Accustomed to receiving consignments of insects in this form Doctor Ashmead signed for the package and proceeded to examine the contents. His surprise was great, for instead of preserved insects radiating fumes of cyanide, the box disclosed $20,000 in coupon bonds. When Doctor Dyar returned and the valuables were turned over to him, he stopped long enough to stuff them into a pigeonhole, and resumed microscopic study of a moth.

An Impartial Umpire

R. B. HAWLEY, the Texas Republican who came to Congress from that rock-ribbed Democratic State, now has two big sugar plantations in Cuba.

"The Cubans are a suave and diplomatic people," said Mr. Hawley. "They remind me of a story my grandfather used to tell about Martin Van Buren. That distinguished statesman would never express an opinion on anything. One day, in Washington, a man made with a friend a wager that it was possible to get an affirmation out of Van Buren.

"The man who took the affirmative went to Van Buren. 'Mr. President,' he said, 'two men of my acquaintance have made a wager. A bets B that the sun rises in the East and sets in the West. B bets that it does not. Which is right?'

"President Van Buren didn't hesitate a moment. 'It is commonly accepted that Mr. A has the rights of the case,' he said, 'but I shall be glad to hear any arguments Mr. B has to advance in support of his position.'"

Senator Daniel's Dilemma

SENATOR DANIEL, of Virginia, is recognized as an orator of national reputation. As a lawyer and law-writer his fame is perhaps even greater, for his magnificent treatise on the law of Negotiable Instruments is considered the standard authority.

One evening a few years ago the Senator, in explaining to a coterie of his friends how he came to write the book, said it was in consequence of his chagrin at being unable to give a client a "horseback" opinion as to whether or not a sight draft is entitled to days of grace. When the Senator had concluded his explanation, one of his listeners, who evidently had never read the work, said: "Really, Senator; I should like to know myself—*does* a sight draft carry days of grace?" Without the least hesitation or embarrassment the learned author replied, "I'll be d—— if I know."

When Daddy Was a Little Boy

By Betty Sage

When daddy was a little boy
All the little boys were good.
And did just what their nurses
And their parents said they should;
And sometimes, when I'm naughty,
He takes me on his knee
And tells, when he was little,
How good he used to be.

He never stole a cherry tart,
Or hid in passageway
To "boo" at Jane as she came by
With dishes on a tray;
He never once put currant jam
Where grandma'd probably sit,
And when he fell and hurt himself
He never cried a bit.

He didn't pinch Aunt Lucy's legs
When going up the stairs,
He never told poor little Ted
His bed was full of bears;
He never kicked good Mary Ann
Or hit her with a spade;
I guess perhaps my daddy was
The best boy ever made.

PLATING for BUSINESS

"Plating for Profit and Pleasure" is the title of a practical little illustrated booklet, which we are sending out to anyone who is interested in plating as a business, or plating for home uses. This booklet describes fully the well-known **Paragon Plating Outfit** for home use, and the **Peerless Plating Plant**, which is a practical, complete plating plant for successfully starting a young man in a profitable business. **Instruction free** (you pay for outfits only). Write to-day for booklet. Outfits from $2.00 up. Manufacturers' Plating Outfits for factory, workshop and custom-work.

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JIFFY POLISH CO., Bowling Green, O.

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We will prove conclusively that we will teach you advertisement-writing by mail; thoroughly, practically, successfully. Is it asking too much of you to spend one cent and one minute of your time now to write us one line and obtain these proofs?

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Write this very minute, for our 48 page prospectus and bundle of affidavits SENT FREE.

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"I AM A PAGE-DAVIS MAN"

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A Horse Preserver

is the title of a booklet we have, making a few "horse sensible" suggestions regarding the care of horses.

Incidentally it illustrates and describes the

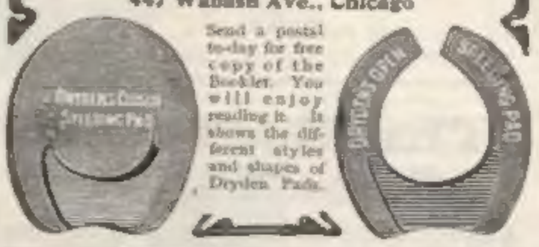
Dryden Hoof Pads

which do more than any other one thing to ease the strain and stress of travel for "horse-kind." They not only save the hoof, but the leg and shoulder, too. They prevent many forms of lameness and cure it if it has developed.

The Dryden Pads, invented by a practical horseman, are made in twelve styles and ten sizes in each style for every kind of service. Your horse-shoer has them and will be glad to put them on if you specify "Dryden's."

DRYDEN HOOF PAD CO.

447 Wabash Ave., Chicago



Send a postal to-day for free copy of the Booklet. You will enjoy reading it. It shows the different styles and shapes of Dryden Pads.

Invalids want to insure; healthy men hesitate. You may be healthy to-day, and an invalid to-morrow. Think of the consequences to your children!

Send for "The How and the Why"—tells how to insure and save. We insure by mail.

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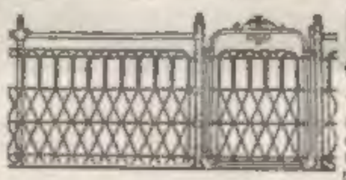
921 Chestnut St., Philadelphia



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Wonderful resistance to climatic changes. Retain their rigidity and trimness for years. Doubly galvanized steel wire. Catalog (FREE) shows styles 10 to 50c a ft.

Dwiggins Wire Fence Co., 18 Dwiggins Ave., Anderson, Ind.

HIGH SALARIES FOR Salesmen and Saleswomen

I have a choice offer to make to every salesman or saleswoman who sees this advertisement. Let me know who you are by postal card, and I will tell you more about it than I can tell you here. Will you do it? It will cost you only a moment's time and the penny for the postage.

When I say I want salesmen and saleswomen, I mean men and women engaged in the art of selling, every man or woman who sells anything of any character, whether it is groceries or mining stocks, footwear or ideas. I want the clerk and I want the promoter—I want the business-getter.

The more goods a man can sell the more he is worth to his firm in salary or commissions. That's a simple proposition, isn't it? There are hundreds and thousands of men and women **practicing the art** of selling. I will not attempt to say how many of them **fail** to understand the **science underlying that art**—the science which makes a man's selling power an exact, calculable quantity.

Do you understand this science? If you do, and are not making $2500 to $12,000 a year, you are wasting your time. If you do not understand this science, you are wasting your opportunities.

At this point you are asking, who is this man who sets himself to guide me away from "wasted time" and "wasted opportunities?" I'll answer you frankly. I am a salesman of many years' experience in the larger lines of salesmanship. I have been a manager of salesmen. I am a **student** of the science of selling, and I teach salesmen. I have helped many men and women. I have made them worth hundreds when they had been worth tens.

This is not play for you or for me. It's work—your life-work I'm talking about. The science of selling is the science that moves the world of business. Some of the best business men in Chicago are aiding me in this work. I want to tell you their names. Do you think there is nothing one man can tell another about salesmanship? Just write to me and let me send you my book, "The Science of Salesmanship," and judge then—not now. This is not a challenge to you. It is a suggestion. The book will show you in a moment whether or not I have anything for you. Write me, not to-morrow—to-day.

A. F. SHELDON, Director, Sheldon School of Scientific Salesmanship, 938 McClurg Building, Chicago

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Late U. S. Townsite Surveyor. Humansville, Missouri

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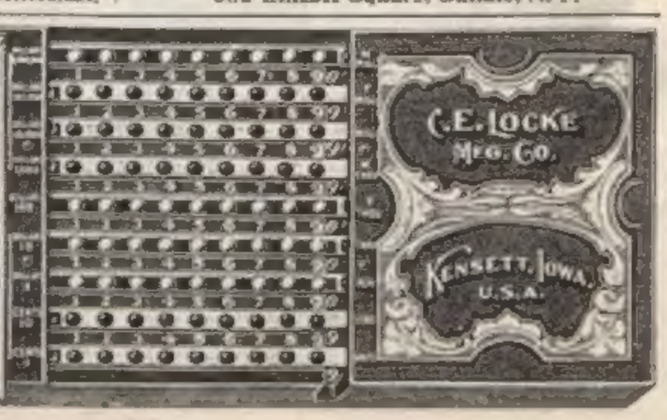

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